"But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"

A studio portrait of Lorelei and Dorothy.

"But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"

By

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ANITA LOOS

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To JOHN EMERSON

WHO DISCOVERED, DEVELOPED, FOSTERED AND TRAINED WHATEVER I MAY HAVE, IF I HAVE ANYTHING THAT IS WORTH WHILE.

CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER ONE

I am going to begin a diary again, because I have quite a little time on my hands, with nothing to do for quite a time. I mean, in the first place I am full of ambitions and I think that practically every married girl ought to have a career if she is wealthy enough to have the home life carried on by the servants. Especially if a girl is married to a husband like Henry. Because Henry is quite a homebody and, if a girl was a homebody to, she would encounter him quite often. So that is why I try to do something in Life, and not let everything stop just because I have married the One of my choice. But I always believe in knowing several different kinds of people, and as long as my husband is of the wealthy classes, I prefer to meet brainy gentlemen who have got ideas on the outside. So I am practically always picking up something, and then when I go back and encounter Henry,

I always have some new remark, or other, to make. For if Henry and I spent all of our time together neither of our ideas would be so bright. And it is bright ideas that keep the home fires burning, and prevent a divorce from taking all of the bloom off Romance.

So after Henry and I became married, the first career I started to have was the cinema. And we produced a superproduction based on sex life in the period of Dolly Madison. But when they wrote the scenario we had quite a little trouble, because the scenario writer wanted it to be full of nothing but "Psychology." And the director wanted it to be full of mob scenes and ornamental sets. And Henry wanted it to be full of a great moral lesson.

And I did not care what it was full of, so long as it was full of plenty of cute scenes where the leading man would chase me around the trunk of a tree and I would peek out at him, like Lillian Gish. So then Mr. Goldmark, the great film magnet, said, "Why not be on the safe side and have it full of everything?"

So the scenario turned out to be delightful, because it was not only a cute love story, but it was quite "Psychological," and it also taught a great moral lesson, and had very ornamental sets, in addition to a vialent

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mutiny in the Army. And it was really so full of everything that sometimes three or four things had to happen at once. For instants, the most psychological scene that Dolly Madison had, took place in the mother-of-pearl bathtub of an Executive Mansion, thinking of her Sweetheart in double exposure, with the mutiny of the Army going on right outside the bathroom window.

Well, it seems that Dolly Madison was a Washington girl, so we had to go to Washington D. C. to take the scenes on account of historical acuracy. But it is quite difficult to take motion pictures in Washington, because, just when you select some delightful spot near the Capitol, and get everything all ready to take the scene, Senator Borrer or some other great man, would come up and plant himself in front of the camera. I mean, it is practically impossible to have a camera at Washington D. C. and keep great men away from the front of it. And, after all, those senators would have practically ruined the picture because, even if their costumes are quite quaint, they are

not in the period of Dolly Madison. So I finally asked Dorothy to think up some good excuse to make them go away. And Dorothy told them that they would have to get out, because we were making a psychological picture, and their mental state had not yet reached the period of Dolly Madison. But I really think Dorothy could have used her brains and thought up a little more tack to use on Senators.

Well, when our cinema was finished the title turned out to be "Stronger than Sex," which was thought up by quite a bright girl in Mr. Goldmark's suite of offices. And the great moral lesson was, that girls could always help it, if they would only stop and think of Mother. And the close-up of me, where I stopped and thought of Mother, with a special lighting effect in blurred photography through a gauze screen, was really quite flattering. So we would have gone right on making more cinemas except for—"Something."

Because I am very fond of "kiddies" and when a girl has married a wealthy gentleman like Henry, Motherhood is even more

beautiful, especially if it turns out to look like "Daddy." And even Dorothy says that "a kid that looks like any rich father is as good as money in the bank." I mean sometimes Dorothy becomes Philosophical, and says something that really makes a girl wonder how anyone who can make such a Philosophical remark can waste her time like Dorothy does.

And I always think that the sooner a girl becomes a Mother after the ceremony, the more likely it is to look like "Daddy." I mean, before a girl's mind gets concentrated on something else. But Dorothy said she would stop at one "kiddie" if she was I, because she thinks that one is enough of almost anything that looks like Henry. But Dorothy has no reverents for Motherhood.

So of course I had to give up the cinema, because I could not be as dishonest as one married cinema star I knew, who signed a contract to do quite a long serial, and did not tell the film corporation "her Secret." So before the serial was half finished, it began to become quite embarrassing to take scenes of her in the full length, because in

the scenario she was only supposed to be a slip of an unmarried girl. So finally they had to start taking all of her scenes showing nothing but her head sticking up over the top of a bush or looking out of a window, and the result was that she got more close-ups than any film star ever got before. But I do not think it is honorable to get close-ups by any such a means as that.

Well after Henry heard about "my Secret," he had the idea to go and live at their old country estate where our "Little Mouse" could be born. Because "Little Mouse" was the knickname we thought up to call it by, until we found out what it was going to turn out to be. But I really preferred New York, so I told Henry that his whole family had been born in the suburbs of Philadelphia, so why not give our Little Mouse a chance? Because I read in a scientific medical book called "Waiting for the Little Stranger" that you should be where you can look at quite a lot of Art and have sweet thoughts and read nothing but beautiful poems and beautiful novels before it takes place. But Dorothy said I better slip in a

page of Ring Lardner once in a while, or, if he was a boy, he might grow up to be a milliner. But anyway, I told Henry we ought to go to New York where all of the Art and Literature is.

But Henry said their own parlor in the suburbs of Philadelphia was practically full of Art, because his Father had spent years and years collecting nothing else. And there really *are* quite a lot of small size crockery statues of girls and their escorts getting ready to break into a minuette, with three glass show cases full of early period watches, to say nothing of the large marble statue of a full size baby having a bath with a real sponge in his hand, and seven piano lamps. So Henry said, why go to New York with all of that Art under my own roof? But I told Henry that the Art in our parlor was finished, but the Art of New York is still going on and you can meet great artists at their exhibitions and ask why they did it, and learn something.

But Henry thought he ought to stay where his Father was. Because Henry's Father is over 90, and Henry was trying to

break him of quite a bad habit he had of making a new will every time a new nurse went on the case. And it does not seem to matter how unattractive a new nurse they are able to find, Henry's father can always weave a Romance around her. Until we sometimes wish that he would get well, or something.

And Henry's Mother is just as full of Romance as his Father. I mean when an elderly lady of 72 is always getting an idea that the butler is madly in love with her, it is quite difficult to keep in butlers. And Dorothy says that if we could only manage to get all the song writers to meet Henry's Mother, it would be the quickest way to free the world of Mother songs.

And as for Henry's sister, she and I have practically nothing that is common. I mean I do not mind boyish models on girls, if they copy some well groomed fashion plate, like "What the Young Man will Wear," for instants. But Ann Spoffard is the kind of a type that spends all of her time between a stable and a kennel, without having pressing done. I mean, I try to always think the

best of everyone, and I really suppose it is quite unselfish for a girl to spend weeks and weeks washing a dog with mange cure, to cure *its* mange, and never give a thought to herself. But after all, she could be kind to *people* to, and make more use of O'de Calone before coming into the Salon.

So I finally had to put my brains to work to get Henry to move to New York. And when I put them to work I discovered that the *real* reason Henry wanted to stay in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was because he is quite promanent as long as he stays there, but by the time he arrives in New York he does not seem to be so unusual. Because, after all, to be promanent at New York, people have to be like Mr. Otto Kahn, for instants, who does quite a lot for Art, or else like the Reformers who do quite a lot against it. I mean Mr. Kahn can always make himself promanent by starting some artistic play, while any Reformer can make *himself* promanent by stopping one. But Henry never seems to have enough ideas to start anything, and even if it does not take any ideas to stop something, New York is full

Henry's sister and I have practically nothing in common.

of such a lot of that kind of people that the competition is quite heavy.

And, the only thing that Henry can really do, is to talk against low morals. And he does not even seem to be able to make people repent, because the only ones who ever want to listen to that kind of conversation are people whose morals are pure and who only want to listen to it talked about. And the riskay things that Henry can think up may intreege the suberbs of Philadelphia, but they really would not be such a thrill in New York.

Well, of course when gentlemen from Kansas City or St. Louis come to New York and feel themselves becoming unpromanent, they can always make themselves very important by spending quite a lot of money on Head Waiters, and ticket speculaters, and the hostesses at night clubs. For practically anyone can call Texas Guynan by her first name for a few hundred dollars. But being promanent at Texas Guynan's would not really amuse Henry, unless he could go there and notice people enjoying

themselves, and then be promanent in getting it closed up.

So I had to think quite hard to think up *some* way to make Henry feel promanent in New York and I decided that the quickest way was for him to join some asociations.

So then I thought of a gentleman friend of mine in New York, who is very, very promanent, and belongs to practically everything, and I wrote him a letter and asked him if he could get some invitations for Henry to come to New York and belong to something, or other. So this gentleman belongs to the "Friends of Culture" and the "Nature Lovers Association" and "New York Distemper League," which is against dogs having distemper, and the "Ohio Society." And he got Henry an invitation to join everything, except the Ohio Society. Because it seems that the Ohio Society is very exclusive, because you have to be born in Ohio. But he got Henry an invitation to join the Pennsylvania Society, which is not so exclusive, because all you have to be born at is Pennsylvania.

Well, when Henry started in to receive all of those invitations, it made him feel very good to think that his promanents had reached New York. So he decided to go right up there and join everything that asked him. So of course he had to take me to. And when I got back into the Ritz again, after all of the home life I had been through, I almost believe I heaved a sigh.

Well the very first evening that Henry was in New York he went to a large banquet, and sat at the same table as Amy Bottsfield Rand, who is very intelectual because she went to China once and can hardly bear anything since she came back, and Percy Gilchrist Saunders who is famous for thinking that spelling ought to sound like what it resembles, and Chester Wentworth Peabody who spends all of his time watching squirrels, and writes down every move they make. And meeting all of those famous people that New York is practically full of, gave Henry new thoughts, and opened up things. Because after Henry held a conversation with them, he was quite surprised to find out that he was just as full

of brains as they were. But that is what always happens to people who have an inferior complex about coming to New York. Because no matter how inferior your complex is, you can always meet very promanent people in New York, who have not got any more brains than you have.

And when Henry came home from the banquet, I slipped into his bed room in my new pink neglijay, and I finally got him to promise that we would live in New York, where our life could be more mental.

And so I gave Henry a supscription to the Book of the Month Club that tells you the book you have to read every month to make your individuality stand out. And it really is remarkable, because it makes over 50,000 people read the same book every month.

So then we took an apartment in the newest apartment house on Park Avenue, and I got nothing but the oldest antiques to go in it, with everything in antique Italian, and one of the oldest Rembrants. I really almost have to smile, because I used to think that every interior ought to be decorated in

pink satin with quite a lot of maribow. But after a girl has learned Art, she can hardly stand anything except old Italian. So instead of chiffon neglijays with ostrich feather trimmings like I always used to wear, I wear nothing but antique Italian brocade, with a long train made out of some middle age embroidered Pope's robe with all of the faded colorings.

And when we did the nursery for the "Little Mouse," the interior decorator found a real genuine Italian cradle of one of the oldest centuries. But Dorothy said that the old Italian's idea when he made it, was that if the baby cashed in, the cradle was just the right shape for the funeral. And Dorothy was afraid that any baby that had to sleep in it, would grow up with a cute melancholy. I mean sometimes Dorothy does have quite a good idea, because it did turn out that an antique Italian apartment becomes quite depressing, especially on a rainy day. So I have Dorothy practically stay with us, to keep from becoming to depressed in such an antique Italian envirament.

Well, the day finally came when the "Lit-

tle Mouse" was due to arrive, and Dorothy and I were having luncheon at the Ritz. And after luncheon Dorothy was going shopping and then she was going to an informal tea. So she invited me to acompany her. Well, I am really fond of nothing as much as shopping, and even informal teas, but I finally decided I had better not go, so I went home instead. And when they put the "Little Mouse" in my arms that afternoon, I felt repayed for giving up everything.

But I called up Dorothy at the tea party to break her the news that it turned out to be a boy. Well, nothing touches people's hearts so much as a girl they are acquainted with, going through the "Valley of the Shadow," and coming out with a baby. So everybody at the tea wanted to come right over. And I sat up in bed, in my early Italian bed jacket, and we held quite a party to welcome the "Little Mouse." I mean people kept coming in, and coming in, and I had to keep telephoning to Reubens to send over more sandwiches. But the nurse would only give us a small glimps of the "Little

Mouse," because noise and cigarette smoke are not good for little babies the day of their arrival.

But, after all, I was repaid for going through all of those pangs, because Henry settled quite a large settlement on me. For nothing makes a husband become so sentimental in a financial way as the day he can call a girl "Little Mother."

Well after it was all over, of course Henry wanted me to stay at home and be nothing else but a Wife and Mother. And I really did not mind so long as I had to stay in bed anyway. But when I got out of bed, my brains started in to become active, and I began to think about a career. But I decided not to produce any more cinemas, because "Stronger Than Sex" went right over people's heads and became a financial failure. So I decided to become literary instead, and spend more time in some literary envirament, outside the home.

CHAPTER TWO

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Well, I soon found out that the most literary envirament in New York is the Algonquin Hotel, where all the literary geniuses eat their luncheon. Because every genius who eats his luncheon at the Algonquin Hotel is always writing that that is the place where all the great literary geniuses eat their luncheon. So I invited Dorothy to accompany me, and go there at luncheon time.

But Dorothy said that if I wanted to meet High Brows, she was going to a literary party that was being held by George Jean Nathan at a place in Jersey that is noted for serving the kind of beer that is made without ether. And Mr. H. L. Mencken, Theadore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclare Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer and Ernest Boyd would be there. So I said to Dorothy "If they are so literary, why do they go to a place like New Jersey, which is chiefly noted for being inartistic?" And

the only reason that Dorothy could think up, was on account of the *Beer*. But I finally decided to go, because some of them do write quite well-read novels.

But if anybody thinks that what they held in New Jersey was a literary salon, they would really be mistaken, because they did not even *mention* their literary work. And nobody could have heard them if they had, because they kept putting nickels in an electric piano and breaking into riskay songs. And I think that when literary people wish to hold a musical evening, it is more artistic to buy tickets to some good opera. But I should have known enough to have my doubts about the literature of any literary gentlemen who have friendships with an unmental girl like Dorothy.

So the next day I made Dorothy go to luncheon at the Algonquin Hotel, and *that* made up for everything. For they are the *critics* who tell everybody else how to do it, and *they* know how to act. I mean, after all, they spend practically all their time showing everybody else how literary people ought to act.

Well we went to luncheon at the Algonquin hotel quite early, so that we could actually see them walk in. And I have learned that the best way to get a table near someone where you want to sit, is to become friendly with the head waiter. Well the famous head waiter at the Algonquin is called George, who holds a velvet rope across the doorway of a small exclusive dining room to keep people who do not apreciate genius from going where they do not belong. For they also have a more unexclusive dining room for the benefit of the masses. Well, I told George that we wished to sit near the famous literary Round-Table, where we could overhear them say something, or other. So George gave us the very nearest table of all, and the waiter who waited on us was the very one who waits on them, himself. So the waiter and I broke into a conversation, and it came out that his name was not only Tony, but he was full of ideals to. It really seems that the more I see of everybody, the more I realize that you never know who you are talking to. Because Tony told me that a man's body

may only be a Greek waiter, but his soul may be full of all of the culture of the antient Greeks themselves.

I mean it seems that Tony was raised to be a gentleman, because his father was quite a promanent Grecian who also had a son that was legitamate. So Tony's father put them both together and educated them by a tuter in all of the classics of the Grecian days. But Tony's father had become quite fed up with Tony's mother, and so he got a Turkish chum of his to arrange for her to be present at an atrocity. It seems that the Turkish enjoy nothing so much as an atrocity, and Tony thinks it is the result of prohibition. Because the Turkish have always had prohibition, and Tony says that when things begin to get on a Turk's nerves, he cannot go out and have a drink and forget it, but he finally reaches the point where he has to do something vialent in a hurry. And Tony says that when he reads about the novel kind of murders we Americans can think up, and the enjoyable times we have at all of our murder trials, we Americans remind him quite a lot of the Turkish. So that is

what made Tony think it is the result of prohibition.

So I paid Tony a compliment for his brains, in thinking things out. And Dorothy said she would pay him another one, for some chicken hash in a hurry. So he had to stop his conversation and go get it, because at luncheon time Dorothy's mind practically always runs on the subjeck of food, while I never seem to notice whether I am eating or not, so long as I am learning something.

Well when Tony came back I asked him to tell me all about the geniuses of the Round-Table. And it turned out that he knows them quite well, for they are all very fond of him. I mean, most waiters are more interested in tips, than they are in listening to geniuses converse, and the waiter that they had before Tony was quite a low Greek from Sardanopolis who had practically no interest in culture.

But Tony is different, and he listens with all his ears, and he hears even more than the geniuses do themselves, because they are so busy thinking up some cute remark to make

next, that they never have time to do any listening.

Well the first genius who came in was Joel Crabtree, the great writer who writes a long collum every day on the subjeck of everything. I mean, providing it happened to some friend of his. Because it makes Mr. Crabtree feel very very good to have everybody think that *his* friends are greater geniuses than anybody elses friends. So the day never goes by, that every one of his friends are not mentioned in his literary collum, and all of the public that is interested in literature enough to read it, can find out what they have been doing every hour of the day or night. So naturally they are always trying to do something readable on purpose, like a match game of amuseing tideldywinks, or sharades at one anothers parties, or some laughable croquay championship in Central Park where you can draw quite a crowd with almost anything.

So then the famous critic of the drama came in, called Harry Appleby. And his job is to discover girls who remind him of Duse. And it is really quite difficult, be-

cause if you *discover* a girl, she naturally has to be quite young, and when a girl is so young she never seems to have as much teckneek as Duse had. But Mr. Appleby always overlooks that point, if she is cute enough in other ways. Because there is nothing that this great critic of the drama loves so much as an actress, or even an actor, being cute. And if a play is cute in addition, he feels that the heighth of drama has occurred at last. So Tony loves to listen to Mr. Appleby and then he writes to his cousin at Athens, that he has practically been listening to Sofacles. I mean he has to mention names that his cousin can understand, because Tony says his cousin is an ignorant fellow, and he would no more know that Mr. Appleby was a famous genius at the Algonquin, than Mr. Appleby would know that Sofacles was a famous genius at Greece.

And the next literary genius who came in, was Peter Hood, the writer, who is always falling in love with some new girl. And when a genius falls in love with a lady genius, Tony says, "there is h— to pay," because he cannot go off and have an affair

and keep his mouth shut like a waiter, but he has to talk it all over with his wife, and then they have to look it up in Psychoanalisis, and then they have to talk it all over with all of the other geniuses, and they really never get to any conclusion on the subjeck.

Well finally all of the geniuses were present at last, and the way the conversation worked out was really remarkable. Because, first one genius said to another, "What was that screamingly funny remark you made last Tuesday?" So then *he* told it and they all laughed. And then it was *his* turn to ask, "And what was that terribly clever thing *you* said on Friday?" So then the other genius got *his* chance, and it was all give-and-take, so that everybody had an opportunity to talk about himself.

But then Mr. Ernest Boyd came in and sat right down at their table. And I am sure that he was not welcome, because he was the one at Mr. Nathan's party in New Jersey who rendered the most unrefined song of the whole evening. So how could *he* appreciate the kind of conversation they hold at the Algonquin? But he really

seemed to laugh louder than anyone. I mean he even laughed when nobody else did, and they finally had to cast dark looks in his direction.

So then they all started to tell about a famous trip they took to Europe. And they

So finally all the geniuses were present and the way the conversation worked out was remarkable.

had a marvelous time, because everywhere they went, they would sit in the hotel, and play cute games and tell reminisences about the Algonquin. And I think it is wonderful to have so many internal resources that you never have to bother to go outside of yourself to see anything.

So then Mr. Boyd spoke up and asked "What fellow-literatours did you meet on your trip abroad?" I mean Mr. Boyd does not know the etiquet of holding a conversation, and he kept asking questions that had very little reply.

But it turned out that one of them did have a letter to a literatour called James Joyce, but he did not bother to present it, because he said, after all, James Joyce did not know who *he* was, and why bother to meet somebody who knew so little about the "Algonquin" that he probably would think it meant a tribe of uncivilized Indians. But Mr. Boyd went right on and said, "Why didn't you take a sporting chance and meet him? He might have had something to say."

So then they told Mr. Boyd, that every

time they met somebody new, they had to stop and explain all of their personal illusions before their jokes could be laughed at, and it only wasted everybody's time. And I really do not know why the geniuses at the Algonquin should bother to learn about Europe any more than Europe bothers to learn about them. So they came back, because they like the Algonquin best after all. And I think it is remarkable, because the old Proberb tells about the Profit who was without honor in his own home. But with them it is just the reverse.

Well, Dorothy finally finished her chicken hash and spoke up and said that she had overheard enough intellectual conversation for one day, so she was going out to hunt up a friend of hers who only talks about himself when he has a toothache.

And I was really glad she went. Because then something happened that was really embarassing, but it ended by becoming one of the greatest thrills of my Life. I mean Mr. Boyd looked over and noticed me, so of course I had to throw him a smile. And then he turned and addressed the whole

Round-Table, and said "Gentlemen you are always discovering a Duse, or a Sapho or a Cleopatra every week, and I think it is my turn. Because I have discovered a young lady who is all three rolled into one. May I have the permision to bring Mrs. Henry Spoffard over to the table?" Well, they really pay very little attention to anything Mr. Boyd says, but they said they did not mind. So he escorted me over to their table and introduced me, and almost all of them nodded to me, and some of them even spoke. And they let me sit there until luncheon was all over.

Well, Mr. Hood noted my reverants for everything they said and he finally told me that he realized I had more in me than I looked, so he issued me an invitation to come to luncheon every day. And I really would not be surprised, from the way he acted, if *I* turned out to be the next one to end up in a Psychoanalisis with Mr. Hood. And when I told Dorothy, she said it would do him a world of good, because I would know what to do in such a case, and he would get somewheres at LAST. So I may

even turn out to be similar to the great Inspirations of history.

Well, the next thing I had to do was to join the Lucy Stone League, so that I could keep my own maiden name after matrimony. Because a girl's name should be Sacred, and when she uses her husband's it only sinks her identity. And when a girl always insists on her own maiden name, with vialents, it lets people know that she must be important some place or other. And quite a good place to insist on an unmarried name, is when you go to some strange hotel accompanied by a husband. Because when the room clerck notes that a girl with a maiden name is in the same room with a gentleman, it starts quite a little explanation, and makes a girl feel quite promanent before everybody in the lobby.

But Dorothy said I had better be careful. I mean she says that most Lucy Stoners do not *really* worry the room clerck, because they are generally the type that are only brought to hotels on account of matrimony. But Dorothy said that when Henry and I waltz in and ask for a room with my maiden

name the clerck would probably take one good look at me, and hand Henry a room in the local jail for the Man act.

But I do not listen to any advice about literature from a girl like Dorothy. And so I joined it. And now I can write my book without my identity being sunk by having the name of a husband to crush me.

CHAPTER THREE

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Well, when I finally became literary, I decided that I would not be the kind of an authoress who leaves the world no better off than it was in the first place, by being destructive, but I would always try to teach some lesson, that would make it even better. And the best lesson I have ever come in contract with, is the life of my girl friend Dorothy. So I decided to write about that. Only the life of Dorothy is not going to be so much for girls to resemble, as it is to give them a warning what they should stop doing.

I mean, in the first place, Dorothy was born in quite a low envirament. And a low envirament is all very cute in the cinema, for Mary Pickford can be rescued out of even an ash can, and still turn out refreshing at the finish by marrying some wealthy millionaire. But although Dorothy has improved her envirament from quite a low one to the

Ritz hotel, even living at the Ritz has not improved Dorothy's ideals, for she does nothing but fall madly in love with the kind of gentlemen who were born without money and have not made any since.

Well, when I told Henry that I was going to write the life of Dorothy, we had quite a little quarrel. Because Henry seemed to think that the world would only be the better off for *not* knowing the life of a girl like Dorothy. I mean, Henry is quite broad minded like all great Reformers have to be in order to look at both sides of the same thing at once. And he really does not mind what a girl has been through, as long as she does not enjoy herself at the finish. But Henry said that when girls like Dorothy do not pay, and pay, how are all the moral people going to get their satisfaction out of watching them suffer. And what would happen to Christianity?

But I finally persuaded Henry to let me write it, for I said that he could read it all over, and give it a sanction before it ever reached the public. So if it *does* reach the public it means that girls can know with

safety before they begin to read that they are going to learn something to their advantage.

Well, the first thing that Dorothy remembers about her Life was when she was a small child, she and her Father belonged to what was known as the "Greater Pacific Street

Well, the first thing that Dorothy remembers about "Life" was when she was a small child.

Fair and Carnaval Company" on the Pacific Coast. Because it seems that whenever the Knites of Pithias or the Lithuanian Church in some small size town, wish to hold a carnaval for the benefit of something, they communicate with companies that make a profession of doing nothing but travel around and hold carnavals. And these companies are only supposed to supply the merry go rounds and freaks and kewpie dolls, but I *think* their real profession lies in deceeving the public. Because Dorothy says that after the benefit was over, the Knites of Pithias or the Lithuanian church would be in such a crippled financial condition that they could not afford another benefit for years and years.

Well it seems that in every Carnaval Company there is some gentleman who does something free, to amuse or instruct the public, like wearing pink spangel tights for instants, and jumping off the Post Office roof into a tank full of water. And the one who did that in their Carnaval Company, was nobody less than Dorothy's Father, Mr. Shaw. So I had to ask Dorothy, if her

Father never came to grief doing such an occupation? And it seems that one time he *did* have quite a little accident, because he was always in a cronik state of being intoxicated, and he made a mistake in the hour, and jumped off the Post Office roof before they had filled the tank yet. But Dorothy says it didn't hurt him much, because it was just a case of "tank meet tank," and her Father had enough in *him* to make up for the other one being empty.

Well it seems that while Dorothy's Father was jumping off roofs, Dorothy's Mother spent her time in quite an expensive flat at San Francisco. But she was so undomestic that she could hardly stand anything in the way of a husband, although every once in a while she would suddenly get quite Maternal, and send for Dorothy. So then Dorothy's Father would put her on the train to San Francisco, in the charge of some railroad conductor.

And Dorothy's Mother would meet her at the Station, with a wealthy gentleman acquaintance of hers who seemed to be in-

seprable. And they would be all enthusiasm over Dorothy and buy her delightful clothes and take her out to the races, and road houses and show her off to everybody, and drink her "health" in champagne. But in the midst of some party, Dorothy's Mother and her gentleman friend would gradually begin to lose all of their Maternal instincks, and they would finally end up by sending Dorothy back to the flat in charge of a messenger boy. And then Dorothy's Mother would neglect coming home herself, and Dorothy would be left alone for days in the flat with a Chinaman cook who did nothing but mark Chinese lottery tickets, that might just as well have been Greek to a small child of Dorothy's age. So Dorothy would be more than delighted when her Mother finally remembered to come home and send her back to the Carnaval Company.

Well when Dorothy was about 12 years of age, her Father received a telegram that his wife had suddenly passed away when the grand stand collapsed at the Tia Wanna race track. And Dorothy says the only bet her Father ever won on the races, was when

he bet that a promanent San Francisco millionaire was also among the casualty. Because it turned out that he was, and that was the end of Dorothy's Mother. But I do not think that Dorothy's Mother was all that she should be, or she would not have allowed the kitchen help to indulge in lotteries.

Well, by the time Dorothy was 14 she could always go round here and there in the fair grounds and lend a helping hand. Because they had what is called "concessions" which means people would throw rings at a lot of knifes, for instants, and the one who really did it, won the knife. So Dorothy would mix up with the crowd and be the One that won the knife. And then she would go around to the rear, and give the knife back to the gentleman who ran the concession. Because Dorothy says, after all, the knifes cost nearly two dollars a gross, so what was the use of wasting them? But I told Dorothy that that is what I would call cheating the Public, but Dorothy says it wasn't cheating them so much, because the blades of the knifes were only made out of

tin foil anyway, and would do nobody any good who was interested in cutting.

Well finally when Dorothy became about the age of 15, her Father came to grief. I mean Mr. Shaw had to get married again. And it is quite an interesting story that seemed to occur because of the main attraction of the Carnaval Company, that was called "The Lover's Leap."

Well, this Lover's Leap consisted of a track which was in the shape of a large "Loop-the-Loop," with a small automobile that ran on it. So after the automobile had "looped-the- loop," it took quite a long jump in the air and landed on quite a high landing at quite a long distants. But what really intreeged the Public was the Blonde Girl in a linen duster that sat in it. For this girl was supposed to be looping-the-loop in order to meet her "Lover." And her "Lover" was nobody else but Mr. Shaw in his pink spangel tights, who stood waiting in a pose on the landing and showed her down the steps with galantry, while the applause would be deffening. But Dorothy says she never did find out whether they were ap-

And Dorothy became quite an expert, so she would mix up with the crowd and throw some rings and be the one that won the knife. And then she would go around and give the knife back to the gentleman that ran the knife game.

plauding the Lover's Leap of the girl, or the fact that her Father managed to reach the bottom of the steps in his condition.

Well, in order to get blonde girls to ride in the Lover's Leap, the Carnaval Company would generaly make use of a stage struck waitress with a blonde wig on. But they had quite a lot of difficulty keeping in waitresses, because after a waitress had made a few Lover's Leaps, her back bone would start in to colapse. So then it would become necessary for the Manager of the Carnaval Company to start associating with fresh waitresses, in order to pick up another.

Well finally in the hotel at a town called Modesto, the Manager picked up a waitress who did not tell him that her Mother was the landlady of the hotel. Because it seems that this waitress was afraid that he would not give her the engagement, if he knew that she had quite a vialent Mother who was opposed to a career. So this waitress, who was called Hazel, ran away with the Carnaval Company without notifying her Mother. And to make things even worse, it seems that some of the Carnaval Company left

the hotel without notifying the clerck to make out their bill.

Well, the Landlady arrived on the scene at the next town and Dorothy says that when she showed up she had blood in her eye. But as Fate would have it, she reached Main Street just as Dorothy's Father was jumping off the Masonic Temple in his pink spangel tights. And although that Landlady had never paid Mr. Shaw any attention when he was stopping at her own hotel in sivilian clothes, it seems that the moment she saw him dashing off a roof in tights, she fell madly in love.

Well, it finally became necessary for the Management to hold conferences with Hazel's Mother. But from the very first, it soon became aparent that nothing would apease her, but to marry Mr. Shaw. Well Dorothy's Father had to do it, to save the Carnaval Company from the charge of abducking a waitress, and non-paying of hotel bills. So they were married by the Lutheran minister, and had quite a novel wedding in a lion's cage, and that was the way Dorothy came to have a Step-Mother.

Well, the first thing that Dorothy's Step-Mother did, was to make Hazel go back home to look out for the hotel in Modesto, because she considered that life in a Carnaval Company would be hard on Hazel's morals. But Dorothy says that Hazel's morals had had wear and tear enough right in Modesto to take the novelty out of anything she could learn in a Carnaval Company.

But Dorothy's Step-Mother staid with the Carnaval Company and turned out to be nothing but a termagint. I mean she never allowed Mr. Shaw to jump off any more roofs, and he began to lose all of his personality. And it finally reached the point where all Mr. Shaw could do to amuse or instruct the public was to take out a marriage license in every town they went to, and be married in public, in a baloon, or a cage full of tigers, to Mrs. Shaw by the local minister. So Dorothy says, if I ever hear anybody make any cracks about her having a Father who was not a marrying man, to just tell them that *her Father* held the record of the entire Pacific Coast for the number of times he was legally married.

But things finally went from bad to worse. Because, even though Mrs. Shaw was constantly a bride, her actions failed to show it. And she did nothing but disaprove of the bridegroom, even at the alter, so that sometimes the crowd at the wedding would really wonder what Mr. Shaw saw in her. For Dorothy says that hardly anybody wants to pay a quarter to see somebody get married to a pesamistic bride who is nearing the age of 50.

But I do not really blame Mrs. Shaw for becoming discouraged because, after all, Dorothy's Father was never an ideal husband. I mean he seemed to think it was an accomplishment to become intoxicated even before prohibition was dreamed of. So Mrs. Shaw began to get very "fed up" with the life of a Carnaval Company and began to yearn for her own hotel, especially when she got news that it was beginning to have a bad name. Because it seems that hardly any comercial traveler who had pretentions to any good looks, ever paid Hazel his bill. And when Dorothy's Step-Mother heard that Hazel had changed the breakfast hour

from 6.30 to 8, she decided that things had gone far enough. So she made Mr. Shaw renounce his whole career, in order to be taken back and kept at the Mansion House in Modesto.

Well, Dorothy's Step-Mother offered to take Dorothy with them, but Dorothy thought it over, and decided not to go. Because Dorothy says that she might have been able to stand either Hazel, or her Step-Mother, or Modesto separately, but a combination of all three was beyond human endurance.

Well, of course, *now* Dorothy had to begin to earn her own living. So the Carnaval Company took up a collection and bought her a nickel plated waffle machine, and the Manager told Dorothy that she need not pay for the concession of running it, until it was on a paying basis.

So then it was arranged that Dorothy would live under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Al Le Vino who owned a concession called "The Temple of Art" which was a tent where Mr. Le Vino sang illustrated songs and threw illustrated song slides on

his wife in white tights with long sleeves like a butterfly. And the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Le Vino was ideal, because they did not go to a hotel like the rest of the Carnaval Company, but they kept house right in their own tent on account of being domestically inclined. And Dorothy says that she wishes

So the entire Street Fair organization all took up a collection and bought Dorothy a nickel-plated waffle machine.

sometimes that some banquet at the Colony restaurant would be delicious enough to make her forget the memory of Mrs. Le Vino's stew. And the only trouble with the Le Vino's was, that after seventeen years of married life they still talked baby talk to each other and sooner or later, it was bound to get on Dorothy's nerves.

Well, after Dorothy was settled, she and her Father said good-bye, and he was taken off to be nagged at in Modesto. And he is out there yet, living with Mrs. Shaw at the Mansion House and drownding his feelings as best as he can in the days of Prohibition. And the greatest comfort he has is Hazel's husband. Because Hazel turned out quite well and got married, and Dorothy says the only trouble with Hazel was, that she was ahead of her time. I mean, nowadays all the other flappers have caught up with Hazel, and it only goes to show that she was nothing but a premature debutant after all. And she married the "catch" of Modesto, who runs a newspaper office. And all of the farmers pay Hazel's husband their bills in either grapes or Bohemian hops. So Mr.

Shaw and Hazel's husband love to mess about with them in the back room of the printing office, and see what they can get. And only last month, on his birthday, Dorothy sent her Father the finest copper still that money could buy.

Well, when the waffle machine arrived at the Carnaval Company it had a little pamflet inside saying that "even a child could operate it." And that gave Dorothy an idea, so she used to turn the waffle machine over to some small size local boy of the town, who was always more than delighted. But the result was, that the waffle machine was generally laid away for repares, or the small boy ate up all the profits.

Well, finally at a town called San Diego, trouble overtook the Carnaval Company. And it was all on account of a member who was called Doc. And Doc sold a thing that was called "Miracle Spot Eradicator" which was made by buying a cake of laundry soap for five cents at the corner grocery store, and cutting it up in small size pieces, and selling it to the Public for 25 cents each wrapped up in tin foil.

But it seems that Doc was practically always doing wrong, and he had left a trail of disturbed husbands clear across the State of California. And what finally got him into trouble at last, was that he not only sold a grocer's wife in San Diego $4 worth of Miracle Spot Eradicator that he had just bought from her own husband for a nickel, but he took advantage of her in addition, and stole the grocer's watch off the bedroom chef-foneer. And the watch was worth $75, so it made the grocer angry, and he reported Doc to the authorities.

Well, a Deputy Sherif of San Diego started on the trail, and caught up with the Carnaval Company at a town called Santa Barbera. And it seems that this Deputy Sherif was quite a famous character, because he not only came from quite a wealthy old family, but he also took a very great Public interest in the morals of young girls who were on the verge of womanhood. And he was very promanent on the board of directors of the Detention Home, and the main reason that he was interested in the case of the grocer's wife, was because she

was a graduate from there, and the low state of her morals always seemed to intreeg him.

Well the Deputy Sherif arrived at the Fair Grounds in Santa Barbara quite early in the morning, before any of the crowd was there, and noted Dorothy sitting under the front flap of the Le Vino's tent, watching Mrs. Le Vino crochay a boudoire cap. Well, he came up to Mrs. Le Vino to inquire about Doc, but his gaze seemed to wander more toward Dorothy. And practically from that moment, it soon became aparent that while his official position might be hounding Doc to Justice, in a personal way his mind was running more on Dorothy. And as time went on, he practically blinked his eyes at Doc, and Doc really got so bold that he became more and more of a lady's man, and flaunted his Eradicator right and left. While the Deputy Sherif's principal idea seemed to be to get Dorothy off in some corner, and tell her that she had reached the point where it was time for somebody moral, like him, to help her get from Girlhood into Womanhood.

And it really does seem remarkable that

Dorothy had reached the age of 16 in a Carnaval Company, without the subjeck of "Life" being brought to her notice. Because when I was only 13, I sang in our church quire, and practically every boy in our quire had at least mentioned the subjeck, and some of them had even done more. But it seems that the envirament of a Carnaval Company is not so much like a church quire. Because in a Carnaval Company, nothing is Sacred, and they all went out of their way to make jokes about "Love" in front of Dorothy, so that Dorothy would laugh it off. But Love is so Sacred in a church quire, that they never even mention it above a whisper, and it becomes more of a mistery. And when a thing is a mistery, it is always more intreeging. So there was quite a lot more Love going on in our church quire, than there was in Dorothy's Carnaval Company, where nothing was Sacred. So Dorothy's whole attitude about the subjeck was quite irreverant, at a time when she should have been worrying about the problems of a young girl, and thinking about Life, and *wondering*.

CHAPTER FOUR

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Well, I always think that when a young girl of 16 is thoughtless about what is going to happen to her in a Carnaval Company, she is beginning to start toward the edge of a brink.

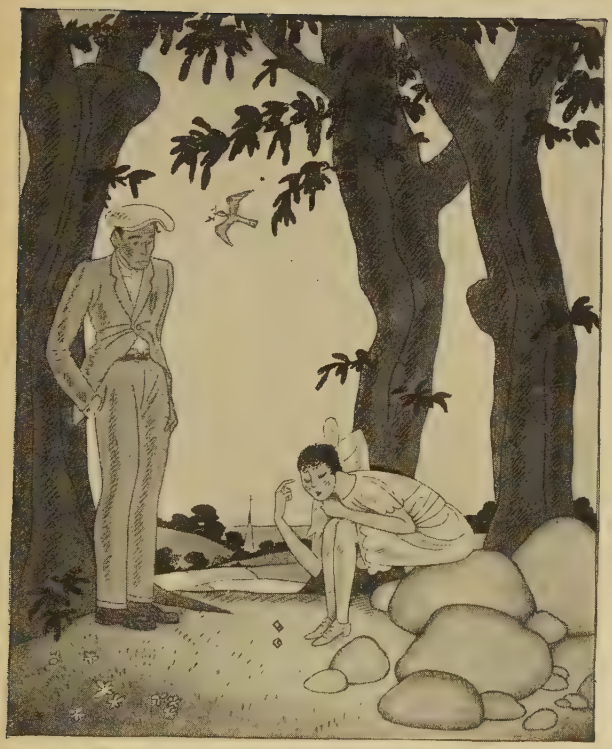
And it seems that Dorothy had already made a chum out of the company's snake eater who went by the knick name of Curley. So when she had to choose between the attentions of a wealthy Deputy Sherif and the company of someone whose financial condition consisted of a box full of eating snakes, Dorothy never hesitated to do the wrong thing. And finally the Deputy Sherif became worried about Dorothy, and went to Curley himself, and told him that he ought to be ashamed to be constantly seen with a young girl who was just beginning to unblossom, because it was putting Evil thoughts into everybody's mind.

Well, Curley blushed very much, for a

snake eater. But he told the Deputy Sherif that he and Dorothy put in all of their time "having laughs" together, so he had never thought about Evil. But Curley thanked the Deputy Sherif for putting it into his mind and promised that he would try to do better in the future. And the result was that the next time Curley incountered Dorothy, he looked at her and looked at her with quite a new look, and he finally remarked, "Well, Mug, I guess you're grown up!"

Well, it seems that part of Curley's occupation in the Carnaval Company was to take a lot of hand-bills advertising the Street Fair to the fartherest corner of every town, and litter up the sidewalks with them. So this day it happened to be spring time, and the weather was delightful. So Curley invited Dorothy to go along to. But when they reached the residential quarter, he threw all of the hand-bills in an ash can, and invited Dorothy to take a walk in the country instead.

Well, they took a street car and got off at the end of the line, in the country. And the sun was shining and the sky was full



Then Curley held his tongue for quite a while.

of beautiful birds, and the grass was full of beautiful vialets, and the envirament would have made almost anybody think about Love, except a girl like Dorothy. I mean, she is just the opasite to a girl like I, because when I am alone with a gentleman, in almost any envirament, I always keep in mind that something might happen.

Well, finally Curley began to ask Dorothy, in quite an offhand manner, what she thought of the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Al Le Vino? Because it seems that Curley thought it was ideal, even if it did take place in a tent. But Dorothy told Curley that was because he did not have to live in the tent with them. Because, as far as she was concerned, she had just about reached the end of her endurants, and some day when Al Le Vino called Pearl Le Vino "lambie pie" for the 29th time in one day, she was going to make vialent use of a rock.

Well, then Curley tried to explane to Dorothy that practically everybody feels like the Le Vinos some time in their life, and the only diffrence between the Le Vinos and everybody else was, that the Le Vinos

went right on feeling that way. But Dorothy told Curley that if he ever noticed *her* getting into any such a condition, she hoped he would train one of his snakes to bite her.

Well, then Curley held his tongue for quite a while. But after a while, he told Dorothy he supposed, after all, that she was to young to be talking about any such a matter yet, so they might just as well go back to the Fair Grounds.

But all the way back to the Fair Grounds, Curley seemed to be quite depressed, because he never spoke a word. And then Dorothy started in to think. And then Dorothy says she started in to wonder if she would ever reach the point of falling in love with somebody, and be just as disgusting as Pearl Le Vino.

Well, after all, it was Spring time, and the wild vialets smelled quite a lot, and Dorothy says that finally she began to wonder what it would be like to have some big bozo grab you and give you a good smack. And such a way of putting it only shows how Dorothy's thoughts can be unrefined, even on the subjeck of Love.

Well, Dorothy kept on thinking until she says she finally came to a conclusion that she had heard so much about that "Love" racket that it was about time she gave it a whirl, and found out for herself if it had been over-advertised. And I really suppose you could not blame Dorothy for being skeptical, because she had spent her whole life among people who advertised to eat snakes or give away jack knifes, and never lived up to their advertisement.

Well, when Dorothy decided to do it, she says that the only one she could think of who would be interested, was the Deputy Sherif, for Curley never entered her mind as "Romance." And by the time they got back to the Fair Grounds, the Deputy Sherif was there, as usual, sitting under the back flap of the Le Vino's tent, making a pretents of helping Mrs. Le Vino shell peas, but in reality he was looking in all directions for Dorothy. So, as long as Dorothy had made up her mind to find out about "Things," she got rid of Curley and gave the Deputy Sherif a kind word, for the first time since he had started to follow the Carnaval Com-

pany. And she ended up by making an engagement to go to the cinema in town with him that night.

So when night time came, Dorothy deserted the waffle machine, as usual, and went to town with the Deputy Sherif. And it was really quite a co-instance, for the cinema was all about Love, and the electrik piano played "Kiss Me Again," and Dorothy finally reached the point where she decided to let the Deputy Sherif hold her hand. And Dorothy says that she would give a dollar to know what *he* got out of it, because as far as she was concerned, she had just as soon hold one of her own waffles that got left out in the rain. So Dorothy kept saying to herself, "It has got to be a h—— of a lot better than this, or the Le Vinos haven't got a leg to stand on!"

But Dorothy decided not to be hasty until she had given the experiment a good trial, and she made up her mind that before she got through that night, she would let the Deputy Sherif kiss her.

Well, by the time they walked back to the Fair Grounds, everything was deserted,

and it was quite dark except for the moonlight. So they stopped in front of the Le Vino's tent, and Dorothy says she let the Deputy Sherif rant on about how beautiful Girlhood was, especially when a girl started in to get toward Womanhood. So when he finished talking himself out, she gritted her teeth and let the Deputy Sherif kiss her. And after it was all over, Dorothy says she felt like a little boy who had just found out that Santy Clause was the Sunday School Superintendant.

Well, it seems that all of the time Curley was hiding behind the tent, waiting to see if Dorothy got home safe, and when she let the Deputy Sherif kiss her, he stepped out and told Dorothy to get to bed, quite harshly! And then Curley held a long conversation, walking around the Fair Grounds in the dark, with the Deputy Sherif.

Well, the next morning the Deputy Sherif apeared and told Mrs. Le Vino that he had telegraphed for his Mother to come and get Dorothy and that he and his Mother would take her to their home in San Diego, and send her to school, and when she was

educated up to it, they would see what they would see, because his object was Matrimony.

Well, when Dorothy heard the news she realized that it was nothing but the work of Curley. So she went to hunt him up and found him sitting alone in his canvas snake pit. So Dorothy says she started to give him h—— for making an old lady like the Deputy Sherif's Mother take a long ride on a railroad train for a joke that was not even funny, because Dorothy could not even imagine going away with that Deputy Sherif.

Well, then it became Curley's turn to give Dorothy an arguement. And he told her that, even if she had not noticed it, all of her friends in the Carnaval Company worried about her a lot. Because it seems that she had turned out to be nothing but a Problem. And, as far as Curley himself was concerned, he had just about given up the answer. Because how any girl could hold such an innacent conversation with him about "Life" in the morning, and then go for that Deputy Sherif the way Dorothy went for him the very same night in the dark, almost made

Dorothy gritted her teeth and let the Deputy Sherif kiss her.

Curley believe that he did not understand women. And Dorothy tried her best to think up an explanation, but there did not seem to be any.

So then Curley said that, anyway, Dorothy ought to be learning about Morals, and he had begun to realize that a Carnaval Company was no place to do it in. Because hardly anything they did in a Carnaval Company was honest. And even Dorothy herself, had gotten in the habit of stealing the bill posters paste, to make waffles out of, which was no foundation for any young girl's character.

So then Curley went on to say that he did not think a great deal of the Deputy Sherif's brain power, but anyway he was promanent and wealthy, and a young girl would be safe with his Mother, or Al Le Vino's illustrated songs had given him a bum steer. So Curley told Dorothy she must show apreciation, and go with them for a couple of years and learn Truth and Honesty and then, if she could not stand them any longer, she could always run away and give them the slip.

Well, Dorothy begged Curley and begged him, to let her stay with the Carnaval Company, and she promised that she would reform, and even put an egg in the waffle dough.

But then it came out that Curley himself was leaving the Carnaval Company. Because it seems that Curley had begun to realize that Snake Eating hardly ever got anyone anywhere, and he said that if he had only thought of it before, he might have done differently, and he might have had something to offer a girl himself. But he said that he had sent $3 to Kansas City, for a thousand German whetstones, and as soon as they arrived, he was going to strike out alone in the world and make a Man of himself.

Well, when Dorothy heard that Curley was going to leave, she realized that her Street Fair days were over, because she could not stand living with the Le Vinos without any comic relief. So everything seemed to work out toward one end and Dorothy finally had to promise Curley that she would wait for the Deputy Sherif's Mother, and look her over and, if they

seemed to be able to stand each other, she would give it a trial.

But it seemed quite peculiar that all of the time the Deputy Sherif kept trying to get Dorothy back of some tent or other, and give her talks. And Dorothy says she never listened to such a conglomeration of Religion and poetry spoken by a man who couldn't keep his hands off a girl. And Dorothy did not know whether to mention it to Curley or not, but she was so ashamed of being such a Problem that she decided she ought not to make people any more trouble.

Well, the morning the Deputy Sherif's Mother arrived, Dorothy, Curley, the Le Vinos, and the Deputy Sherif went down to the station to meet her. And when she got off of the train, she turned out to be a small size lady, who looked quite harmless. And the Deputy Sherif rushed up, and grabbed her and kissed and kissed her. And Dorothy said that the way he went on about a "Mother" would have made an Irish tenor sound like an ungrateful son.

And it turned out that the whole Carnaval

Company were more than delighted with her, because nothing touches the heart of a Carnaval Company like somebody's Mother. And Al Le Vino went from one concession to another, telling everybody, in quite a hearty voice, that "the Deputy Sherif's Mother was a *Sweetheart!*" So that very afternoon the Deputy Sherif went out and arrested Doc at last and everything was ready to start for San Diego the next day.

Well, the Carnaval Company felt quite depressed because Dorothy had been with them for years. And they gave her a going away party, in the Main Tent, with Pearl Le Vino's home made cake and lemonade and a going-away present of a large size Bible to show a Deputy Sherif's Mother what kind of people they have in a Carnaval Company.

And they all cried, and kissed Dorothy and became quite sentamental on the subjeck of "a Mother." And they gave Dorothy good advice, to always do what "Mother" said. But Dorothy seemed to note that the Deputy Sherif talked so much that his Mother never got a chance to say *anything*.

But so long as everybody was so full of satisfaction, Dorothy did not like to spoil their fun by making remarks. So she held her tongue, and before she hardly knew it, it was almost train time to be taken away to San Diego. And then Dorothy realized at last, that she had to say goodbye to Curley. So Curley asked Dorothy to sneak out of the back flap with him and they held their last conversation together.

Well, Curley made Dorothy walk towards the snake pit, in quite an off hand manner, and when he got Dorothy alone in there, he presented her with a going-away present of an Armadillo basket. And an Armadillo basket is the shell of a small size animal that is born at Texas, in sections like the elbow of a stove pipe, and is lined in serise china silk with a ribbon running from his nose to his tail to make the handel, and Dorothy had wanted one for years. But I think it is very very cruel to kill all the little Armadillos to make Armadillo baskets, because I always think that people ought not to kill little animals unless they get something useful, like at least an ermin coat.

Well, Dorothy thanked Curley for the Armadillo basket and then she told him that she wanted him to except her nickel plated waffle machine, so that he could sell it, and buy himself a going-away present of a folding stand to sell German whetstones off of, to remember her by.

But Curley asked Dorothy what kind of a MAN he would make out of himself if he started in by excepting a present from a girl? And he told her that he had made up his mind to begin selling them off of the sidewalk and work his way up.

Well, suddenly they heard everybody calling "Dorothy" in a loud tone of voice, because it was getting late for train time. So they had to run out and be hurried to the station and everything was such a confusion of getting on board and saying goodbye, with all of Dorothy's bundles and the Armadillo basket, that Dorothy can only remember Curley when he stood on the steps of the railroad train saying, "So long Pal! If I never see you again, always remember that I think you're *Hell!*" And then he had to jump off, because the train was going away.

But there was quite a peculiar look on Curley's face, so when Dorothy went into the car, she sat down in a seat by the Deputy Sherif's Mother, and began to have her own thoughts. And it suddenly came over Dorothy like a flash that Curley was in Love with her. And to think that somebody she had always admired in such a viril way, had gone and become soft like Al Le Vino, almost made Dorothy sick to her stomach.

CHAPTER FIVE

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Well, Dorothy had the opertunity to settle down and forget the past in a small size city, where life is pure and people's thoughts are wholesome without contamination. And, when they arrived there at San Diego, the Deputy Sherif escorted Doc to Jail, while his Mother escorted Dorothy to their old family residents. And when they reached it, it turned out to be a very beautiful large wooden house of the impressive type, with six pointed cupalows on the roof, built out of fancy scalloped shingles by their ancestors. And when Dorothy was shown to her room, it had one of the cupalows in the corner for a large bay window, with dotted swiss ruffle curtains and there were roses all over the wall paper and an anteek what-not, with a picture of George Washington saying his prayers in a snow drift over an old original walnut bedstead. But when the Deputy Sherif's Mother left her alone in it,

Dorothy says the atmosphere of that room made a girl wish that somebody would mail her a pie, with a file and a rope ladder in it.

Well, finally a servant girl, called Emma, knocked on the door, and asked Dorothy if she could help her unpack. So Dorothy invited her in, and while they were unpacking, Dorothy started to ask her quite a few questions.

Well, it turned out that Emma was a graduate of the Detention Home. Because the Deputy Sherif loved nothing so much as giving imoral girls a new start, and keeping in touch with their cases. But Emma said that some day he was going to keep in touch with her case just once to often! And when she said it, quite a dark expression came over her countenance. So Emma did not cheer Dorothy up so much, and Dorothy would have given anything if she had not promised Curley her word of honor that she would stick it out for a year.

Well, when Dorothy went down stairs she found out that the Deputy Sherif's Mother had just as little to say when she had an opertunity to say it, as when the Deputy

Sherif would not let her get a word in edgewise. Because living with such a promanent son had sapped her vitality.

But finally it came dinner time, and the Deputy Sherif arrived home with a Guest he had invited. And this Guest was a bleach blonde Secretary of quite a middle age, who had started out in his office years ago, when she was only a typewriter. And it seems that in the beginning there had been a "Romance." And even after the Romance was over, they kept on going through quite a few things together. Like one time, when he constructed some city construction and put decomposed granite where he should have put marble, this Secretary had kept all of his books on the subjeck, and she was so full of information that he really felt as if he could hardly get along without her. And he never dared to do anything much unless he told his Secretary about it first, and found out what he had to do in return for being allowed to do it. So he knew that he had to consult her on the subjeck of Dorothy, and he decided to grit his teeth, and get the intraduction over as soon as possible.

Well, it seems that this Secretary disaproved of Dorothy from the start. And after dinner, she and the Deputy Sherif went into the front parlor, and closed the folding doors, and her disaproval finally became so loud that the Deputy Sherif had to take her out for a spin. So Dorothy tried to drownd her feelings in a magazine, but even the Baptist Beacon could not keep the tears from coming.

But from the time that the Deputy Sherif came back from his spin, he really was quite changed in his attitude toward Dorothy. I mean, he behaved as if he had some great mental strain on his mind and all his good cheer had practically vanished. And all he dared to do to Dorothy, was look at her out of the corner of one eye, and keep his distants.

But he did not neglect Dorothy's education. For he had his Mother escort her to a very exclusive school, for girls only, where she could get educated up to what she was going to become. And for the first time in her life, Dorothy had the opertunity to mix

with refined Christian girls of family life and learn both Truth and Honesty.

But Dorothy really did not pick up either Truth or Honesty, for the very first day in school she got into trouble, because a girl who sat in front of her asked her for the loan of a led pencil. And Dorothy had a box full, so she gave the girl half of them. Well, the girls had all been warned to be suspitious of Dorothy on account of the low enviramentof a Carnaval Company that she came from. So this girl reported to the teacher that Dorothy was *giving away* led pencils. So the teacher told Dorothy to remain after school, and held an Investigation. But she found out that Dorothy did not steal them after all. So then the teacher explained to Dorothy, that the *appearance* of Evil is just as much to be avoided, and she should try to do better in the future.

And Dorothy says that while she was in that school, she was reported just like a murder trial. And the climax came one day when she was in the yard with some of the girls, and they started talking riskay, as usual. Only those girls did not tell riskay

stories that had a plot and came to some cute point that was amusing, but they loved to talk riskay just for the sake of being syruptic-ious. Well, Dorothy soon got enough of that kind of conversation, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves so highly that Dorothy says she thought it would be a treat to tell them a story that was really funny. But, much to her surprise, it shocked the girls very much to make light of such a sub-jeck. So they reported Dorothy to the teacher for removing the bloom off of things that young girls ought not to mention.

So Dorothy was sent to the Principal's office and he told her that he would have to expell her, if pure girls from Christian homes got their thoughts contaminated. And he asked Dorothy if she had not learned what it meant to be a Christian, since arriving at San Diego?

So Dorothy said that, as far as she could gather, it meant everything was O.K. so long as you don't *admit* you enjoy it.

Well, then the Principal told Dorothy to wait in his office, while he went downstairs to talk her Morals over with the whole class.

But as he went out of the door, he looked back and shook his finger at Dorothy and threw her a smile, and said "You little *Heathen!*" So I think he really would have liked to work up a small flirtation if he had had the virility.

Well, the Principal went down to Dorothy's class and told all the girls that Dorothy had not had the advantage of a pure home, so they must form themselves into a little Committee, and help her not to stray. And after that, Dorothy really became the center of attraction, until one of the girls took a false step with a visiting football team and Dorothy lost her novelty.

But Dorothy really took no interest in her opertunities, and she finally started in to play "hookey," and wander around the City Zoo, where the perfume made her remember the Carnaval Company, and the animals took her mind off of native San Diegans.

And things finally began to get worse in the home. Because Emma started giving the Deputy Sherif darker and darker looks accompanied by low voiced remarks to herself that could be overheard. And what

Emma principaly mumbled about, was the Injustice, when a girl like Dorothy lived in luxury, in a delightful bedroom, and had beautiful clothes, while Emma had not only endured the Deputy Sherif, but was expected to be an experienced chambermaid in adition. And it finally reached a point where the Deputy Sherif would really have given Emma her notice, but he could not do it, on account of the way that chambermaids talk.

And the Deputy Sherif got practically no relief when he dropped in at his office, and had to listen to his bleach blonde Secretary make unpleasant remarks about city constructions he had constructed, and about an Act, called the Man Act, that he had indulged in with her once, by travelling from one state to another.

But things really could not go on forever, and gradually the Deputy Sherif started in to get used to his great mental strain. And little by little he began to cast eyes at Dorothy, and be himself again. And finally one evening, he threw off all care, and decided

One evening he decided to hear Dorothy say her prayers in a nightgown.

to hear Dorothy say her prayers in a night gown.

So Dorothy had to do it, and after she got through, the Deputy Sherif decided to tuck her in, and sit on the bedside, and talk about the Purity of Girlhood. But his actions started to belie his words, and Dorothy was just getting ready to jump up and holler out the cupalow, when the Deputy Sherif suddenly began to look peculiar and fell over in a lurch, on account of some poison that Emma had put in his coffee.

Well, they sent for the doctor, and when the Deputy Sherif started in to feel better, the first thing he did was to tell everybody to keep their mouths shut, and say he was taken down with a bad case of pnewmonia. But he used his magniminity on Emma, for he did not arrest her, and he only sent her back to the Detention Home, to keep the publicity from breaking out at a trial.

But when the Deputy Sherif's Secretary found out what had occured, she decided to nurse him back to health and nothing could stop her. So she moved into the house, bag and baggage, and used

so much authority that everything went under her thumb. I mean, everything except Dorothy, because she really started in to encourage Dorothy to look for trouble on the outside, and it did not take Dorothy long to find it.

CHAPTER SIX

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Well, a dramatic travelling company had come to San Diego called The Frederick Morgan Players, and one Wednesday afternoon when Dorothy was playing hookey from school, as usual, she attended the matinay. Well, the production that day was called "The Tail of Two Cities" and the gentleman who portrayed the title role was Frederick Morgan himself.

And Frederick Morgan had the type of a personality that, as soon as he came out on the stage, everybody knew he was there. Because he had the habit of walking on backwards, so that the audience could not see his face. And as soon as he felt that they could hardly stand the suspence any longer, he would suddenly turn around quick and hold a pose. And Dorothy says when he did it, the thrill that went down her spine almost made her think that the back of her chair had been wired for electricity.

Well, Dorothy sat there like a trance, and never took her eyes off the Drama. And by the time Frederick Morgan had reached the last act, where he stood on the steps, and said that he was doing a better thing than he had ever done by getting hanged, the whole subjeck of Sex Appeal had taken on quite a new aspeck to Dorothy. And Dorothy says she decided that all of the things the Deputy Sherif had tried on her, that only made her squirm, would be a Horse of a different color with that leading man in the role.

So, after the matinay, Dorothy went out and stood in the lobby to gaze at his photograph. And, as Fate would have it, it seems that Frederick Morgan also had quite a habit of hurrying out in the lobby after the matinay to loiter around his photograph. So when he saw Dorothy admiring it to, he realized that they had something that was common and he gave her a kind word. And one thing led to another until Mr. Morgan invited Dorothy to have a coco cola in the back of a drug store, and tell him her Life. And from the moment he heard that Dorothy was raised in a Carnaval Com-

Well, after the matinay, Dorothy went out and stood in the lobby to gaze at his photograph. And, as Fate would have it, it seems that Frederick Morgan has quite a habit of hurrying out in the lobby after the matinay to loiter around near his photograph.

pany with quite an acrobatic Father, he had a fellow feeling, and he asked her if she would like to go back to the "profession"? And Dorothy was in such a seventh Heaven of delight, that she said "Yes" to an offer of $12 a week.

Well, Dorothy did not even have to bother to run away from home. Because the Deputy Sherif convalessed, but his spirits never came back, and he obeyed everything his bleach blonde Secretary told him to the letter. So when she told him that Dorothy's heart was set on a career, he held a conversation with Dorothy and said that, the way things had turned out, he could not do as he wished anyway, so he would not try to stop her. And Dorothy left the only refined home she ever had, to move into the kind of a rooming house that charges actors seven dollars a week. And two days after she left, Dorothy noted a head line in the "San Diego Union" which said, "Deputy Sherif Wins Secretary After Whirlwind Courtship." And that was how Dorothy threw away the opertunity of becoming a wealthy gentleman's bride, to start rehearsing the

role of an extra girl in a bar room scene of a play called "On the Yukon."

Well, things went on until the following week, when they started to produce a promanent Broadway success where Frederick Morgan portrayed the role of a light hearted Irishman of the tenor type, who could not keep from kissing every girl he past. And he gave Dorothy the role of a girl that he past in the second act. Well, all week at rehearsal, Mr. Morgan did not bother to perform the "business," but the day the dress rehearsal arrived he started to put in the feeling. And when he did it, there was no doubt left in Dorothy's mind that she liked it.

And it seems that Mr. Morgan, himself, suddenly started to look at Dorothy in a new light, and the result was that both of them highly enjoyed the engagement.

But by the time they had played that second act for a few performances, they finally reached a point where something had to be done. So after the show on Wednesday night, Mr. Morgan invited Dorothy to ac-

company him to a lunch wagon for a hamburger sandwitch. And Dorothy seemed to note that when Mr. Morgan gave the waiter their order, he told him to *"leave out the onions!"*

Well, after they finished their sandwitches, Mr. Morgan told Dorothy that he had something to say, so she had better come up to his apartment. So Dorothy went. And when he got Dorothy up there, he started to tell her the story of his Life. And it seems that, in reality, he had a wife, but an artist cannot marry, so he had to send her back where he got her from, because an Artist must use all of his feelings to develop his tempramment by. And then he told Dorothy that she would probably turn out to be an Artist herself, as soon as she got *her* tempramment developed and found out about Life.

And he said that he himself would be willing to teach her about Life and give her all his ade. And he told her it was really quite a large opertunity for a girl like her, when society women with strings

of pearls were after it. So after he finished his recomendation, he asked Dorothy whether she would like to go home, or take off her things and stay awhile.

So Dorothy took off her things.

CHAPTER SEVEN

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Well, Dorothy says that as far as either she, or the Public or the critics could note, there was no more temprament in her interperations after she learned about Life than there had been before. But I think that what really was the matter with Dorothy was, that learning about Life did not turn out to be so enjoyable to her, after all. I mean, Dorothy is never at her best in a tate-a-tate. And nobody realized it more than Mr. Morgan. So they just let the matter drop.

Well, one week the company played at a town called Monterey that is famous for having exclusive hotels, full of the best people. And at one of them was a polo team from New York. And the Captain of the polo team was nobody else but Charlie Breene, of the famous wealthy Breene family.

Well, one day the polo team had gotten

up for early-morning practise, and that gave them time to become even more intoxicated by evening than usual. So in the evening they went up to Monterey to attend the Frederick Morgan Players. But they paid very little attention to the plot and made rude remarks to the actors, and when the villain started to attack Mr. Morgan, Charlie Breene called out to "Sock him on the bustle!"

Well, things went from bad to worse, until finally Dorothy made her entrants in the role of a maid who answered the telephone. And then the polo team began to sit up and take an interest in the drama. Well, their enthusiasm for Dorothy rose by leaps and bounds, and by the time she made her exit they would not even let the performance preceed. So I really believe that learning about "Life" must have developed Dorothy's Art, after all.

Well, the Polo team consulted their programs to learn who Dorothy was. So then they started a little chant, in unisen, and said "We want Dorothy! We want Dorothy! We want Dorothy!" and nothing could stop

them. But they were so promanent that they could not be ejeckted, so finally Mr. Morgan had to send Dorothy out in front to sit with the polo team in order to keep them quiet so that he could act. And Dorothy was not needed on the stage any more as that was the last time the telephone had to ring in that drama.

Well, from the moment Dorothy joined the polo team, they calmed down and were all perfect gentlemen, especially Charlie Breene. Because it seems that he had fallen madly in love with Dorothy at first sight. But, even when Charlie calmed down, the liquor still rose to the surface and he kept breathing quite heavy breaths in Dorothy's direction and leaning on her support and mumbeling remarks that did not seem to connect with each other. And that always bores a girl like Dorothy. So after the performance when they envited her to accompany them to a champagne supper, she gave them the slip to go out with the property man. And Dorothy says that running out on millionaires has been her specialty ever since.

Well, the next day the polo team left for

the south, but Charlie Breene did not forget the girl he had learned to care for. For he wrote her a letter, telling her to go right to New York and get into the Ziegfield Follies and he would see her there later. And in the letter was a "letter of introduction" to

It seems that he had fallen madly in love with Dorothy.

a New York broker who knew Mr. Ziegfield, and a check for $1000. But Dorothy paid no attention to the letter or the check, because Dorothy was so ignorant that she thought that money had to be in dollars and cents. I mean, I am just the reverse, because I always seem to know those things by instinck.

Well, one night Dorothy and the character actress of the company were packing up to go to Sacramento, when Dorothy happened to run across the letter from Charlie Breene. So she showed it to the character actress. Well it seems that this character actress had met a wealthy lumber magnet once in the hayday of her youth, so she knew what a check was, and she explained it all to Dorothy, and advised her to go to New York and do everything the gentleman said.

And she helped Dorothy to get ready, with the ade of a home dressmaker who went out by the day at Sacramento.

But when it came time to leave for New York, Dorothy decided that after all, Mr. Morgan had really done the best of his ability to improve her Art, so she bought him a

gold headed cane. Because Dorothy is the kind of a girl that makes gentlemen presents. But I really try not to blame her, because I have a very broad mind, and I always use Psychology, so I understand that there are some people in the world who cannot help it if their instincks are unnatural. But I almost have to shudder when I think of poor Dorothy starting out all alone for a large size city full of cuter girls than she was, with less than $1000 in her pocket and practically the wrong ideas about everything.

CHAPTER EIGHT

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Well, Dorothy had never learned how to dress and at a time when most girls ought to be wearing either pink or blue, Dorothy selected red which gave her such a vialent appearance that gentlemen knew at a glance she was not the kind of a girl that needs any ade. For red may make gentlemen look, but nothing holds their interest like pink or blue. And, instead of trying to make gentlemen acquaintences *herself* that would broaden her out, Dorothy spent most of her time on the train going to New York listening to a Pullman porter tell amusing experiences in a colored dialeck. So that when Dorothy arrived in New York she had not made a single gentleman acquaintance to give her a helping hand.

But Dorothy was full of confidents and she did not know she did not look like other girls. And the worst mistake she made, was

that instead of carrying a small valeese, or a vanity case, or even a pocket book, Dorothy had all of her things in her armadillo basket.

Well, when Dorothy came out of the Grand Central Station, she got over onto 45th street and started to look for a hotel, and the first one she came to, she started to go in. But the taxi-starter out in front took one look at the armadillo basket and detained her, for he said they did not allow animals in that hotel. So Dorothy told him that it was nothing but a dead armadillo that couldn't have harmed him in its palmiest days. But he told her that they had never had an armadillo in their hotel, dead or alive, and who did she think she was, to break the ruling?

Well, Dorothy loves nothing so much as an argument, so she told him that if his hotel allowed alligater valeeses, where did they get off to discriminate against an armadillo? But Dorothy says she couldn't make him realize that he didn't have a leg to stand on, and quite a crowd began to gather, so she had to move on.

Well, the next hotel she came to was a

very refined hotel for middle age ladies. And there were quite a few elderly ladies in the lobby when Dorothy went in. Well, Dorothy hung the armadillo basket on the arm of a chair, while she was awaiting the hotel clerck, and one of the elderly ladies happened to go over to the chair to take a seat. But just as she was taking it, she suddenly seemed to catch sight of the armadillo, and fainted. And after the confusion was over, the hotel clerck gave Dorothy quite a dark look and told her that all of their rooms were occupied. So then Dorothy went around the corner to try her luck on 44th street. But I really believe that she never would have found an exclusive hotel to except her, but that Fate always helps a girl like Dorothy.

Because the next hotel she arrived at, was the Algonquin hotel, where all the famous actresses and movie stars live, and just as Dorothy arrived at the front door, it happened that Buster Keaton and his motion picture company were just coming in from some location, and they were still in quite amuseing comedy make-ups. So when Doro-

thy went into the lobby, the room clerck thought that she belonged to the comedy company and he gave her a room, and he never discovered his mistake until everybody else had cleaned up for dinner. But then it was to late to put Dorothy out, because possession is 10 points of the law.

Well, when Dorothy came down for dinner, she seemed to note that she was the center of regard. So she says she gave them all a large "dirty" look for being so rude as to stare at a girl merely because she is well dressed. And she walked quite hawtily into the special dining room that is reserved for nobody but famous actors and literary people and when George, the famous head waiter, saw her, he became so dazed that he showed her to a table. So Dorothy ordered lobster salad and chicken salad and fruit salad for dinner and decided that she was a Woman of the World at last.

Well, Dorothy began to get friendly with her waiter, as usual, and the first thing she told him, was that she had come to New York to go into the Follies. So the waiter told George, and when all the famous

It happened that Buster Keaton and his motion picture company were just coming in from location.

people asked George who Dorothy was, and George told them that she was a girl who thought she was going to get in the Follies, they were really quite amused. And finally Dorothy became the joke of the whole Algonquin hotel. And the Literary Round-Table of famous critics were really more amused than anyone. Because one of their most literary writers, Mr. Peter Hood himself, was trying to get a girl that he knew into the Follies, who really had something to offer. And he had learned how hard it is to get to Mr. Ziegfield with an intraduction.

Well, this girl was a beautiful tall immitation Russian Countess of the vampire type. And she had black hair and black eyes and quite a desperate kind of an anti-Bolshivic expression, with a leaning towards long anteek ear rings. And Dorothy says you had to give her credit, because she had almost solved the problem of how to look well groomed without the use of water. And wherever she went, people simply had to look at her, and ask one another who she was?

And what was even more unusual, she was

also full of brains, for she could talk for hours and hours on almost any kind of subjeck. But the best thing she knew how to do, was to hold conversations with gentlemen about "Love." I mean, with one gentleman at a time. And she could really be just as talkative on the subjeck of 'Love' as the girl in the great novel called The Green Hat.

Well, of course, she was really much to dramatic to go into the Follies, but she could not act in a dramatic drama on account of quite a heavy European dialeck. But as soon as she learned to talk more like an American, she was going to show we Americans her interperation of what famous writers like Mr. Strindberg meant. And she could hardly wait to get into the Follies, and meet wealthy brokers, who are fond of Art, and would finance her own company.

Well, it was no wonder that the whole Round-Table thought she was devine. And Peter Hood who made her discovery, could never seem to get over it. Because the first night he met her, he brought her to one of those literary parties where all the Algon-

quin writers who wrack their brains hard all day being amuseing, keep right on wracking their brains hard all night doing a thing called sharades, because they never seem to sit down and relax.

Well, in the midst of one of the amuseing sharades, one of the great writers who thought it up became excited over his success and dropped a lited candle onto some of the cute kind of paper caps that come out of bon bons. So the paper caps caught fire and everybody had to run out in a panic. But after they all got down in the street, and counted themselves over, they found out that one of them was missing. Well, they finally realized that it was the Russian Countess, and Peter Hood decided that, so long as he was her escort, he really ought to save her life. So he ran back into the burning building, and when he reached the apartment where the fire was, there sat this Countess, gazing at it in a revery, and saying in quite a distant voice, "Is not flame beautiful?"

Well, when Peter Hood heard her say a thing like that at a time like that, he knew that she was not like other beautiful girls.

For she was full of Soul besides. And he stood there in a daze and looked at her. But by this time all the cute paper caps had dwindled down to cinders and the fire was out. Well, from that moment they all realized that she was a genius. So she was the girl that the whole Round-Table was raving about when Dorothy arrived at the Algonquin. And they all kept making engagements with Mr. Ziegfield to meet her, but he always seemed to be out. So it was no wonder they had to laugh at a girl like Dorothy.

Well, the first morning Dorothy called up the broker friend of Charlie Breene and told him that she had a letter of intraduction to him. Well, when his broker talked to Dorothy over the telephone, he was more than delighted, because there is nothing a broker really enjoys so much as getting a girl an intraduction to Mr. Ziegfield. So he said he would be right over to get Dorothy and take her out to luncheon at the Ritz. But when he met Dorothy in the lobby of the Algonquin, he looked at her, and looked at her, and he really began to lose some of his

Peter Hood decided that, so long as he was her escort, he really ought to save her life.

interest. Because, by that time, Dorothy had discovered the immitation jewelry department at Bloomingdales, and her appearance was even more unusual than usual. So

So he ended up by taking her to an artistic tea room.

he ended up by taking her to an artistic tea room, where the way she was dressed would not be noticed.

But Dorothy does not know how to hold the interest of a broker. Because Dorothy always seems to want to make a broker laugh, which is fatal in itself. I mean the only time that brokers really want to laugh, is at a show, or when they are telling each other riskay stories on the stock exchange. For, when a broker meets a girl, he always wants to be more serious and give her good advice.

So the first thing this broker did, was to tell Dorothy that New York was a very, very wicked place. But instead of listening to him with reverants, Dorothy asked if he could give her some good adresses. So that brought the conversation to quite a halt. But the broker finally overlooked her errer, and got to feeling better. So then he told Dorothy that she should be very, very careful about what gentlemen she met, and to always ask him first whether she ought to or not. So Dorothy told him that the only one who had given her a tumble was the elevator

boy at the Algonquin, but she said that if he had any objections to the elevator boy, she would take to using the staircase. So the broker began to feel very uncomfortable with a girl who did not have any awe. But he finally concentrated on his friendship for Charlie Breene, and said that he would tr to help her.

Well, it turned out that this broker's only real connection with Mr. Ziegfield was that both he and Mr. Ziegfield used the same lawyer. So he invited Dorothy and the lawyer to dine and they went out to Arrow Head. Well this lawyer looked Dorothy over during the dinner, and then he told her that he had just recommended a bootlegger to Mr. Ziegfield whose Scotch turned out to be full of wood alcohol, so it would do no girl any good to have a letter of recommendation from him. So that all came to nothing.

Well, Dorothy finally reached the point where her money had run out. But Dorothy's poverty always seems to consist in not worrying about bills, so she went right on, as usual, spending most of her time in the

lobby of the Algonquin hotel, becoming more and more of a chum to the elevater boy. And everybody who went in or out of the elevater always used to stop and say to Dorothy, "Well, Miss Shaw, when do you go to work for Mr. Ziegfield?" Until really Dorothy began to feel quite annoyed, so one morning she walked over to Mr. Ziegfield's offices at the New Amsterdam Theatre and became friendly with the office boy, and asked him if *he* could get her an intraduction to Mr. Ziegfield. Well, the office boy told Dorothy to wait while he went into Mr. Ziegfield's office. And finally Dorothy noted a crack appear in the doorway. And the crack finally disapeared but the office boy came out again and told Dorothy that she could enter. And that was how Dorothy came to meet Mr. Ziegfield.

Well, what happened to Dorothy really seems like almost a Miracle. Because Mr. Ziegfield got her to stand up in quite a good light, and he looked her over and over, and he smoked his cigar, and smoked his cigar, and then he finally wrote an order to Mr. Jean Buck to give her an engagement, and

told her to report for rehearsal on Monday.

But after all, it was really not so much of a Miracle, as it was the Genius of Mr. Ziegfield. Because Mr. Ziegfield can see through all of a girl's bad points and pick out her good ones. And Dorothy says that most of the girls in the Follies would be passed up by practically every broker in New York, before Mr. Ziegfield has "glorified" them. Because when brokers are left to themselves, they always make a mistake and pick out some sofisticated girl that is quite well groomed, and then they keep on wondering what is the matter with her. Because hardly any broker seems to have enough Psychology to realize that the *real* ideal of his dreams is some small town village bell that he used to weave a romance around when he was age sixteen. But Mr. Ziegfield knows all about Psychology, so *that* is the kind *he* picks out. And Dorothy says that about all Mr. Ziegfield does to "glorify" them, is to get them to comb the hay out of their hair, and give up starch in lingeray.

And, as far as their street gowns are concerned, Dorothy says that Mr. Ziegfield

would always rather have a girl get her models from Paris, Kentucky, than Paris, France. Because nobody knows better than Mr. Ziegfield, that there is much more glammer for brokers in dotted swiss than there ever is in crape-de-sheen. And the result of it is, that a crowd of Follies girls, off of the stage, looks like nothing so much as a small town Sunday school picnick.

And it really is a waste of time to get letters of intraduction to Mr. Ziegfield, because he gets over 20,000 of them every year, and Dorothy says that a composite photo of the whole 20,000 wouldn't even be blurred. Because they practically all say,

"Dear Mr. Ziegfield, this will introduce Miss ——— in whom I have no other interest except to assist a little girl who is full of ambition, and helping to support her family." So Dorothy says that when Mr. Ziegfield gets any such letter, it generally means that the little girl arrives in a Rols Royse, and that she has already been "glorified" with the ade of Mr. Bendel or Mr. Tappé, to a point where she has lost all of her own identity. And Dorothy says that

Mr. Ziegfield's best girls wander in on their own, from 42nd street, just like she did.

Well, after Dorothy got her engagement, she went back to the Algonquin Hotel and in the lobby, she met Mr. Hood, the discoverer of the famous Russian Countess. So he came up to Dorothy, as usual, and said, "Well, Miss Shaw, when do you start in to rehearse for Mr. Ziegfield?" So when Dorothy said "Monday," he did not believe his ears. And so Dorothy showed him Mr. Ziegfield's note to Mr. Buck. Well, then he nearly fell dead. So the news got all around the lobby, and they all nearly fell dead. But when the Russian Countess heard about it, she *really* nearly fell dead. Because she had spent 8 weeks in Mr. Ziegfield's office with 10 letters of intraduction and had never even got past the office boy.

But Dorothy found out afterwards that whenever anybody sends Mr. Ziegfield some girl who is intelectual, he takes quite a good look at her first through the crack of a door. And, if she happens to be a vampire type in addition, they hardly ever meet personally. Because nobody knows better than Mr. Zieg-

field that the vampire type of a girl never really gets anywheres. And there has never been a vampire type in the whole Follies. I mean, even the famous Dolores who was a very striking type of a beautiful tall brunette, was not a vampire type, but she was really a "Madonna."

And so it turned out that all of that Russian Countess's temprament and brains never got her anywheres. Because that type of a girl may interest literary gentlemen, but they are just the reverse with a broker. I mean, no broker ever really feels at home with any girl who wants to talk about such a riskay subjeck as Love. And girls who *talk* about "Love" are generally more famous for the way that gentlemen try to avoid them.

And the way everything turned out, only proves that Mr. Ziegfield is always right. For, after all, Dorothy has become one of the most famous girls in New York, in spite of all her faults, while that Russian Countess has turned out to be one of the ones who is an extra girl, whenever the

Theatre Gild puts on some peasant drama about low life in Hungary.

Well, when Charlie Breene's broker friend learned that Dorothy was rehearsing in the Follies, he was nearly dumbfoundered. But when he got over it, he began to realize that Dorothy was quite cute, after all. And Dorothy really did start in to become cuter, because it did not take Dorothy long to realize that something was wrong somewheres. So she gave all of her imitation jewelry and her red satin dress to the chambermaid, and bought herself a pink gingham model on Sixth Avenue and she finally got to look just like all the other girls in the Follies.

So then it seems that Charlie Breene's broker friend started in to send telegrams to Charlie out in California, boasting about how he got Dorothy into the Follies. So that seemed to make Charlie quite angry, because he sent him quite a sarcastick telegram which read—

"You make me sore. Give credit where credit is due. Who picked her out?

Charles Breene."

Well Charlie started in to send Dorothy

telegrams every day congratuling himself for picking her out. And it seems that he had to stay in California for the polo and he finally won the international polo match, but he telegraphed Dorothy that the proudest day of his life would be the party he was going to give when he got to New York, in honor of picking out a girl that got into the Follies.

Well, while Charlie was straining every nerve hurrying to New York, Dorothy was rehearsing in the Follies. And the first thing she started out to do, was to select herself a chum. But instead of becoming acquainted with famous girls who went out socially like Peggy Hopkins, for instants, of course Dorothy started in to look farther.

Well, in the Follies there are practically always 18 Tiller girls who are an English ballay, which is noted for nothing but hard work. And they never go out anywheres socially, because they have to practise all of the time, just like soldiers. And the result, is, that they are just like one girl, on the stage and off of it. So when Dorothy was

looking around for a girl friend, *that* was what she picked out.

I mean, Dorothy did not even pick out one Tiller girl. And I really think it was very undignified to go walking around the streets of New York with a whole English ballay, when she might just as well have been riding in the Rols Royse of some girl with a Future. But Dorothy says that one Tiller girl never goes out alone without yearning for the other 17. And the only reason Dorothy could think up for her selection, is that she had never in her life heard English girls talk Cockney. So she would listen to that English ballay for hours and hours, and never get through marvelling.

Well, one morning Charlie Breene finally arrived at New York. So he took Dorothy to luncheon and then he had to hurry to their country estate, to see his father, who was very, very low with pnewmonia. But he apologized to Dorothy, and told her he would be back at ten o'clock in the evening, to escort her to the party he was giving in her honor.

Well, after rehearsal was over, instead of

going to her room, and relaxing for the party, Dorothy took a bus with her 18 Tiller girl chums, and went to Coney Island. And she was having such a delightful time riding on all the concessions that she forgot to look at the clock. And she never got back to the hotel until after 12, where Charlie Breene had waited in the lobby for two hours, and had gotten so nervous that he was almost ready to scream. And he finally had to escort Dorothy to a refined party full of brokers and cute girls in evening gowns, with large holes in her stockings from sliding down the Devils Slide, and practically a dislocated hip.

CHAPTER NINE

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Well, Dorothy opened in the Follies, and Charlie Breene fell more madly in love than usual. So one night he took her for a long ride around Central Park in a closed taxi, and asked her what she wanted to do about it. Well, it seems that Dorothy did not want to do anything except get out of the taxi, because Dorothy is the cool type of tempra-ment who quite frequently think that two is a crowd. But Dorothy hated to hurt Charlie's feelings, so she told him a "fib." I mean, she said that she was quite a vialent Catholic, and she could not do anything that might make some Catholic priest raise his eyebrows in the confesional.

Well, when Charlie found out that Dorothy was not only pure, but even religious, his love turned into Reverants, and his intentions became matramonial. So he went to his Mother, and held quite a long conversa-

tion on the subjeck of matrimony and the wonderful girl that had come into his life.

Well, it seems that Charlie Breene's Mother had always been quite anxious for him to be married, and settle down, and drink in his own home instead of in night clubs, where everybody saw him disgrace the old family name. But Mrs. Breene's choice and Charlie's never seemed to light on the same girl. Because Mrs. Breene prefered a girl called Muriel Devanant, whose ancestors had moved in the same social set with theirs. And Muriel would make an ideal wife, because she did not care for the boys, and spent all of her time with girl friends. But I always think that Muriel really did have a small feeling for the boys, after all, because the girl friends she chose always seemed to resemble boys as closely as possible. Anyway, she was willing to strain a point and marry Charlie because of his money.

But the main reason Mrs. Breene wanted to have Muriel for a daughter-in-law was because she always knew how to do the right thing at the right time in Society. But

Charlie explained to his Mother that doing the right thing at the right time in Society was only enjoyable if you enjoyed it. But when you did not, it was only a hollow sham, so he preferred a girl like Dorothy. Well, Mrs. Breene finally became very sweet, and told Charlie that she only wanted him to marry the girl of his choice. So she told him to bring Dorothy home, first, and give all the family the opertunity to make her acquaintance.

Because it seems that even if Mrs. Breene is very aristocratic, her ideas are quite broad-minded, for being so wealthy. And she will always invite somebody to the home, as long as he *does* something, and when she gets him there, she always tries to make him feel as if he was almost as important as Society People, who do not *have* to do anything to be promanent.

And whenever Charlie fell madly in love with some new girl in the Follies, Mrs. Breene always liked to have him bring her home. And when she got her there, she would be very, very sweet, and draw her out in conversation about Literature, and Music

and Art, so that Charlie could see how well she would fit into such a cultured enviroment. But every time that Mrs. Breene did it, something fatal always seemed to happen. Because, after his Mother got through with a Follies girl, Charlie would always decide to listen to his second thoughts about weaving a Romance about a girl like that.

Well, Mrs. Breene was so anxious to have Dorothy meet her, that she told Charlie to bring Dorothy home to a family dinner. And, when the family got through with her, they would have all their Society friends come in after dinner, and meet Dorothy socially. And, in order to brighten things up, she would have some chamber music by a string quartet. Because Mrs. Breene said that, so long as Dorothy was in a musical show, she would be sure to love a string quartet. But, of course, Mrs. Breene did not know that there is hardly anything about a string quartet that apeals to a girl like Dorothy. But Charlie is such a sweet boy that he thought his Mother's idea was quite charming.

Well, just going into the old Breene fam-

ily mansion on Fifth Avenue, ought to make a girl feel as if she was getting somewheres. Because you have to be shown through three separate doors, and the first two of them are *iron.* But when Charlie showed Dorothy through them, all Dorothy could think of was that the Breene family were giving themselves three separate chances to throw her out, and she began to lose some of her self-posession.

Well, after they got past the third door, the butler started to lead them through quite a long, hollow hallway that had nothing to relieve it but some life size crockery baby elephants that only made Dorothy feel more unimpressive. But they finally reached the old family libery, and under an electric lamp, sat the father of Charlie Breene. But Dorothy says that, after all that suspence, Charlie's Father was not such a climax. I mean, he is the kind of a gentleman who has never done anything in his life, either one way or another. And the Breene family were always holding him up to Charlie as an example of what he could keep from doing if he would only concentrate his mind on it.

Well, Dorothy looked Mr. Breene over, and she began to feel quite a little better. And Mr. Breene told Dorothy that he was pleased to meet her, because somebody had taken him to a Follies once five years ago, and he really could not remember when he had ever had such an enjoyable evening. So Dorothy spoke up and said, "If you feel that way about it, why don't you take a long chance, and try going again?" So Mr. Breene said that that was really quite a bright idea, and he wondered why he had never thought of it.

And while he was wondering, Mrs. Breene came in. Well, Mrs. Breene was really more than sweet to Dorothy, for she made conversation just as if Dorothy were an equal. And first she asked Dorothy her opinion of quite a few rare old first editions of anteek classic books they had in their libery. And when Mrs. Breene asks for an opinion, she is always polite enough to stop, and wait for a reply. But Dorothy did not have any, and the atmosphere became quite strained. I mean, Dorothy does not know enough about etiquette to know that any

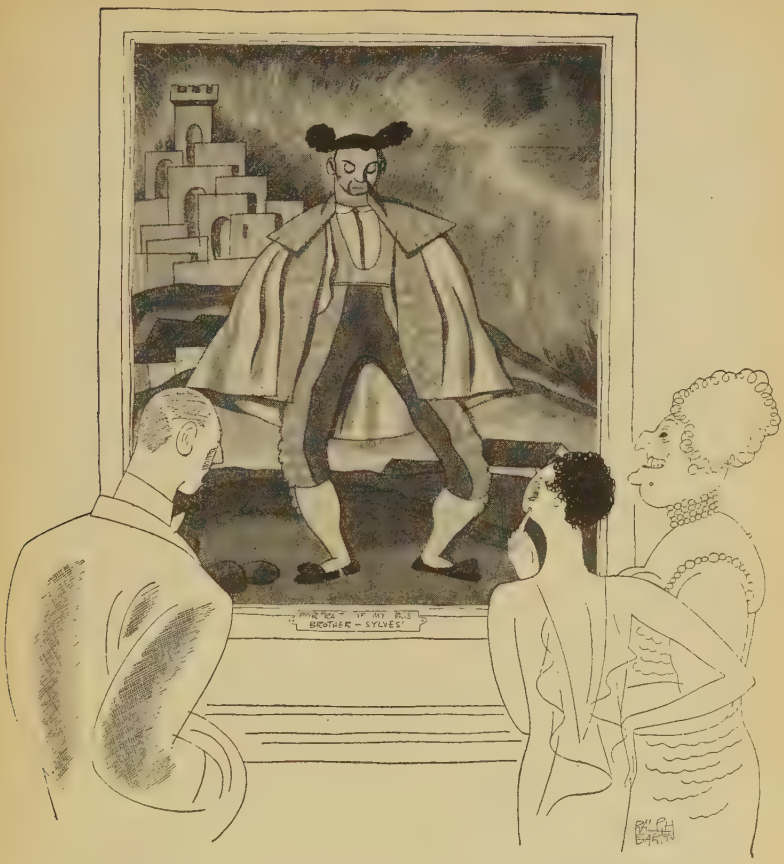
time a girl feels like she has nothing to say, the best thing to do is to ask for a glass of water. And asking for a glass of water, where it was quite inconvenient to find one, would have made Dorothy feel quite important.

Well, after Mrs. Breene saw that Dorothy had become as uncomftable as she could be in a libery, she invited her into the Art gallery, to show her a new picture she just bought by the famous Spanish artist called Zuluago. And Mrs. Breene told Dorothy to look it over carefully, and then tell her what she thought of its' "chiarusquero." Well, Dorothy had practically no thoughts on the subjeck, but she suddenly got quite a bright idea, and asked Charlie what *he* thought of it. So Charlie spoke up and said, "By Jove, I don't know what it is." Well, of course, it made Mrs. Breene look quite small that any son of hers was so uncultured. So she really had to bite her lip. But she became sweeter than ever to Dorothy and told her that she had arranged quite a little surprise for her. And the suprise was that she had invited Jefferson Breene, the famous

uncle of Charlie, who is not only the head of the whole Breene family, but one of the most impressive Americans of the Age, to come and look her over at dinner.

Well, while they were waiting for Jefferson Breene to arrive and look Dorothy over, the famous debutant, Muriel Devanant came in and did it. Well, Muriel seemed to be delighted with Dorothy from the start, for she greeted her in quite a hearty tone, and shook Dorothy's hand in quite a strong grasp that Dorothy says reminded her of a homesick Elk meeting one of his kind in some foreign climb. But the way that Dorothy acted was the depths of being uncultured. For she backed away from Muriel, in defence, and began to look toward an exit. So finally even Charlie noted her disturbants, and he got Dorothy off on one side, and wanted to know if anything was the matter. And Dorothy said "Nothing that an earthquake couldn't clear up." But Charlie did not understand what she was getting at. And he began to look at Dorothy askance.

Well, finally it seemed to be dinner time,



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She invited her into the art gallery to show her a new picture she just bought by the famous Spanish artist called Zuluago.

Well, during dinner, Jefferson Breene gave Dorothy quite a confidential talk about the evils of modern life, and he finally brought up the subjeck of having met Dorothy at Gloria's apartment. So he explaned to Dorothy that his interest in Gloria was to help a girl from doing wrong. Because he said that he had a theory that if gentlemen would give girls expensive apartments, and automobiles and jewelry as a reward to *keep* from doing wrong, instead of visa versa, the world would really be a better place. So he told Dorothy that that was what he was doing to Gloria. But Dorothy held her tongue, because she says the only reply she could think up to that old bird, couldn't be spoken out loud in a refined home.

Well, then Mrs. Breene started in to ask Dorothy questions about the habits of girls in the Follies. Because it seems that Mrs. Breene was so broad minded, that she did not care how much she learned about Life. But Dorothy says that Mrs. Breene had the idea that Follies girls were about the same as red ants, and Dorothy did not know enough

about red ants to answer her questions. Well, Dorothy tried to give Charlie a sign to think up a quick excuse to get out as soon as dinner was over. But Charlie did not understand, because it seems that he thought they were giving Dorothy a pleasant evening.

Well, dinner was no sooner over than the string quartet arrived. And then Society people began to pour in for the musical evening. And Mrs. Breene was so sweet to Dorothy that she picked out the most titled aristocrats to introduce her to, even if Dorothy did not know what to call them. But instead of taking the opertunity of making friends, Dorothy only let everybody see her misery. And the kind of an expression that Dorothy wears on her face when she is on the verge of standing more than she can bear, almost gives a person the impression that she is cross eyed. So the Society people began to leave Dorothy severly alone. And Mrs. Breene kept Charlie busy putting small gilt chairs all over the salon so that he could not join Dorothy and keep her company. And every time he looked at Doro-

thy across the salon, she was sitting all alone, looking quite unpopular, with a very unbecoming expression on her countenance. And I am really afraid that Charlie was beginning to wonder.

Well, finally Mrs. Breene came over to Dorothy and told her that she ought to smile, and enjoy herself and join in the conversation. But Dorothy does not know how to make an effort, and smile in Society, like the rest of us have to do. And finally the string quartet started in to play something that was called on the program a Bach Fudge, and Dorothy started to feel even worse.

But by this time, Mrs. Breene's own troubles began. Because nothing that Mrs. Breene could do would make those music lovers keep quiet. And just as soon as she got one set to hold their tongues in the hall, another set would start talking about themselves in the salon. And Mrs. Breene would have to crowd her way through all the gilt chairs, to tell them to "Hush!"

But, by that time, the music lovers in the hall would be at it again. And Mrs. Breene would try to hush them at a distants. But

it was really like water rolling off of a duck's back. So then she would have to make her way back through all the gilt chairs in order to hush them again in the hallway. And she had to work like a Trojan, without really getting anywheres. And the looks of the string quartet kept getting blacker and blacker.

And finally things even got worse. Because somebody discovered that the butler was laying out champagne in the libery. And a regular Exodus started to occur in that direction, until there were only 4 people left in the salon, and they were the string quartet. So Mrs. Breene became almost frantick. And she rushed toward the libery, but by the time she got there, it was jammed to the door with music lovers. Well, she finally worked her way through the crowd, and told them that the champagne would *not* be opened until the music was over, so they might just as well make up their minds to listen to the string quartet. So she pushed them all out and locked the door, and they finally decided to go back to the salon and be quiet. But Mrs. Breene did not know

that one of the guests was locked up in the libery with the butler and all of that champagne. And, of course, the guest that was locked up, was Dorothy.

Well, it seems that the butler and Dorothy started right in to become friendly. For he was in quite a Bolshivistic state of mind himself, because, by rights it should have been his night out. And it seems that he was a German butler who loved music, so he had bought himself a ticket to Lowangrin at the opera. But, of course, he had to give it up. And he could not even hear the string quartet, because they had had to shut the libery door on account of the way the guests behaved. So he seemed to think that, in this world, it was only the wealthy who were allowed to love music. So he and Dorothy took a drink to forget their troubles.

Well, the champagne was of the very best, so they had some more, and the first thing Dorothy knew, she began to cheer up and feel better. And Dorothy says, that by the time the string quartet got through their program, she had reached a state where she could have been happy in a swamp. So she

She emerged from the libery.

emerged from the libery and made her way back through the party, smiling to the right and left, and greeting people heartily that she had not even had an intraduction to.

Well, when she reached the salon, it seems that Dorothy decided to do a dance of some new step she had learned in the Follies. I mean, nobody had even asked her, but strange to say, instead of everybody being annoyed, they were all delighted. And they started to applaud. So then Dorothy decided to sing the comick version of a song that some of the girls had composed in the privacy of their own dressing room, that was not even meant to be sung in the Follies, much less a salon. But instead of being shocked, those music lovers were even more delighted, and they started to crowd back into the salon in such large numbers that the string quartet, that was trying its best to get out of the salon, nearly had its shello smashed.

Well, Dorothy became the Life of the party. And Charlie Breene stood by in pride and watched her with the love light in his eyes. And Mrs. Breene finally had to

step in and take Dorothy by the arm, and make her stop. Because she told her guests that they must not allow the dear child to overtax herself.

Well, then Dorothy started to say "good-night" to her Hostess, and quite a few guests still crowded around to listen, because by this time Dorothy had gained quite a little reputation as a "Bon Mot." So Mrs. Breene was really more than sweet to Dorothy, and she took her by the hand, and seemed to want to hold quite a little conversation. But Dorothy could not understand what she was saying because Mrs. Breene could not seem to help from breaking out into French. Well, Dorothy had learned quite a few Mexican words when she was in the Southern part of California, so Dorothy says she came right back at her in Mexican. But Dorothy really ought not to have talked Mexican to such a refined Social leader as Mrs. Breene, because hardly any society leaders know Mexican, and Dorothy was so ignorant that she did not know that it is the depths of low breeding to hold a conversa-

tion in Mexican, when the one you are holding it with does not understand the Mexican landguage.

Well, Dorothy says she finally told Mrs. Breene, in Mexican, to "help herself to the chili," and then she took Charlie by the hand and bowed herself out. And the last she saw of Mrs. Breene, she was standing in the midst of guests who admired Dorothy, gritting her teeth, and telling Charlie that he must bring his little friend again some time.

Well, when they got out, Charlie was in the seventh Heaven, because it was the first time that his Mother had ever aproved of any Follies girl enough to ask her to come again. And everybody else was so full of enthusiasm about Dorothy, that Charlie was very, very proud. So he asked her to become his bride.

Well, Dorothy, as usual, was skeptical. Because she had gotten an idea that Mrs. Breene's enthusiasm was forced, and might break down before the alter. So she asked Charlie for time to think the proposition over. But Dorothy says that she really was

intreeged by the idea of being able to return Mrs. Breene's hospitality by inviting *her* to their wedding breakfast. So, I mean, sometimes even a girl like Dorothy gets an impults that is sweet.

CHAPTER TEN

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Well, Dorothy started to think it all over. But Charlie was really not the kind of a gentleman that appeals to a girl like she. Because he spent all of his time telling her that she was wonderful, and that he was nothing at all. And Dorothy prefers gentlemen who think that nothing is ideal except themselves, and let her know it. And if they except presents from her in adition, her admiration is complete. But Charlie took the wrong way to her heart and showered her with orchids, and delightful love notes, always writing something poetic like, "Oh, you wonderful girl," for instants. And then Dorothy would decide that Charlie was not so bright, or why would he think that a girl like she was wonderful?

Well, about this time Mr. Ziegfield telegraphed to Portland, Oŕegon, for a band, called Henderson's Jazz Band, that had

grown up on native soil, and become famous. So this jazz band finally arrived in New York and Mr. Buck worked them into the Follies. And in Henderson's jazz band there was a saxaphone player called Lester, who was only getting $65 a week. And, as a result, he started to borrow.

Well, I really feel that I do not have to write down what happened when Dorothy got in the habit of lending money to Lester. Because at a time when a millionaire was clammering for her hand, she had to fall in Love with a saxaphone player. And the only good reason she could think of, was that the way he played the saxaphone was devine, for he was the one who came out in long moans at solo parts of the Blues. And I really suppose that a saxaphone does make a girl feel romantic, unless she has quite a lot of will power.

Well, Dorothy finally got to bringing her costumes down in the wings and changing them with the ade of a friendly stage hand, just so that she could look at the saxaphone player. And she never even thought of casting a smile at Charlie Breene, who paid $22

every night of his life to sit in the front row.

But practically all that Dorothy and the saxaphone player could do, was to gaze at one another through the wings, because the band went right from the Follies to play at the Momart for the remainder of the evening. And by the time they got through at

Dorothy finally got to bringing her costumes down in the wings and changing them.

the Momart they would have to go home and get some sleep so that they could get up and play at the Ritz for luncheon and tea.

Well, every day, Dorothy would let Charlie Breene take her to the Ritz for luncheon and tea. And every night she let him take her to the Momart for supper. And it really was pathetic, because Charlie thought that Dorothy was reaching a point where she could stand quite a lot of him. And he never knew that it was only so that she and a saxaphone player could gaze at one another. But Charlie is such a sweet boy that he hardly ever seems to notice what is going on, even when he is not drinking. And when he is drinking, he even notices less.

Well, finally at the performance one night, Dorothy and the saxaphone player encountered each other in the wings, and he told her that he was sick of the life of a jazz-band with no one to really care. So that gave Dorothy an opening, and one thing led to another until he invited her to marry him and spend her spare time keeping house. So Dorothy decided to ask the advice of two of her girl chums. And one of them was the

Captain of the Tiller girls, and the other one was Gloria, the girl friend of Jefferson Breene.

Well, Gloria warned Dorothy that it would be fatal to marry a saxaphone player, without giving yourself an opertunity to get sick of him first. And she told Dorothy that it was very, very unwise to pass by Charlie Breene when the worst that could happen would be alimony.

But the Captain of the Tiller girls was full of Romance, like all girls seem to be who have not had an opertunity to meet many gentlemen. So she told Dorothy to marry the One of her choice.

Well, I do not even have to write down which was the girl chum that Dorothy listened to. For she excepted the saxaphone player, and they made a plan to go over to Jersey City on Sunday and get married. And Dorothy asked Charlie Breene for the loan of his car, but she failed to tell him what it was going to be used for. And she invited the Captain of the Tiller girls, and Mr. Henderson to go along and assist.

And then, for once in her life, Dorothy

really began to get a presentment that she was doing the wrong thing. Because, on the way over to Jersey City, she got her first good look at Lester in the broad daylight, and Dorothy says she realized that he had found some place in New York City that could reproduce an Oregon haircut. And the nearer they got to Jersey City, the harder it was for Dorothy to figure out why she had done it. But it was to late to back

The Captain of the Tiller girls was full of romance.

out, because she could not spoil the whole afternoon for the Captain of the Tiller girls and Mr. Henderson, for they had their minds all made up to see a wedding. So Dorothy lived up to the bargain.

Well, that evening Dorothy had invited guests to come to a party. And Charlie had spent the whole day motoring to his father's country estate to get champagne. And after Dorothy had had quite a little champagne, she began to feel better about Lester. So she led him out of the bedroom, where he was trying to compose a telegram to break the news to the Portland Oregonian in less than 50 words, and she took him into the middle of the party and told everybody who he was.

Well, Charlie Breene could have been knocked down by less than a feather. And it really was pathetic, because he did not know what to do. I mean, he could not take to drink, because he had already done that for years. So he telephoned to the Racquet Club to buy him a ticket in the morning on the first ship that was going to sail to Europe. And then he said goodbye to

Dorothy, and wished her happiness and told the saxaphone player that if he ever raised a hand to a hair of her head, in any way but kindness, he would have him to deal with in the name of the Law. But when Charlie staggered out of the doorway, Dorothy began to feel as if marrying Lester was really not such a large size acomplishment, after all.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

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Well, Dorothy settled down with Lester and had an opertunity to listen to his conversation. And that was when she seemed to deteckt that he had started out in life as a street car conducter. And he had learned to play the saxaphone by mail at a corespondents school to become the life of the party. But his brain still retained the ideas of a street car conducter, and although he constantly conversed, he really said so little that Dorothy would finally have to tell him to save his breath for his saxaphone. And then words would pass between them. And finally other objecks got to passing between them, like heavy iron ornaments and crockery ash trays, for instants, and Dorothy really began to wonder if marriage was a failure? But Dorothy thought it all over, and she finally decided to try and stand him, because, after all, she had promised a Lu-

theran minister at New Jersey that she would, whether she liked it or not.

And then Dorothy remembered that she had fallen in love with him while he was playing the saxaphone, so she asked him to bring home his saxaphone on Sunday and they would have a musical afternoon, and she might fall in love with him all over again. So, on Sunday afternoon, Dorothy got up and cooked him quite a delicious breakfast, and tried to be more like a bride than usual. And after breakfast she brought out the saxaphone. And Dorothy told Lester to play her some "blues," because "blues" always make Dorothy sentamental. But it turned out that the kind of "blues" that Lester played when he was all alone by himself, were to depressing for human ears to hear. And that was when Dorothy learned what a conducter means to a saxaphone player.

Well, Dorothy finally had to ask Lester to stop. But the quarrel they had when she did it, was quite vialent, and finally Dorothy locked herself up in the bedroom, and called up the Western Union to send a cablegram

So Dorothy told him to play her some blues.

to Charlie Breene and ask him the name of some lawyer, because she had decided that Lester was incompatable. So Lester heard every word, and he nearly smashed the door down. And Dorothy came out, to deny his insinuations. And then he hit her with a small lamp. But Dorothy picked up an andiron in the shape of an anteek Continental soldier, and won the encounter. Only instead of aiming where it would not matter, of course Dorothy had to hit Lester on the jaw and practically ruin him for playing the saxaphone.

So Lester went to bed and staid there for days, while Dorothy had to support him. And once a husband gets in the habit of being supported, his usefulness is practically over.

But the day after the quarrel Dorothy received a cable from Charlie Breene giving her the name of a lawyer named Abels and saying that he would foot all the bills for a divorce.

So Dorothy went to Mr. Abels and told him her predicament. But it seems that Mr. Abels knew that Charlie was living on

a small income that was all his family would allow. And he knew that the Breene family would not be so delighted to have Dorothy get a divorce. For Mr. Abels is the kind of a lawyer that wealthy aristocratic people in New York sometimes make use of when their sons get into an affair of the heart with a girl beneath them. So he called up Mrs. Breene and asked her, and Mrs. Breene agreed, and said that she would foot even

So Dorothy went to Mr. Abels and told him her predicament.

larger bills if Mr. Abels would *pretend* to help Dorothy get a divorce, but in reality, keep her within the bounds of matramony at any cost. So then Mr. Abels started in to practise his perfession. And he sent Charlie a cable saying "Don't come back to America. Trying all over again with Lester. Please don't cable me. It only makes trouble. (Signed) Dorothy."

Well, Dorothy kept wondering why she did not hear again from Charlie. But Mr. Abels put her mind at rest by telling her that Mrs. Breene and Muriel Devanant had sailed for Europe, and Charlie had decided to stay in Paris to meet them. And to prove it, he showed Dorothy quite a cool cablegram from Charlie which said, "Please give Miss Shaw best wishes for happiness. Will wait here for Mother and Muriel. Regards. Charles Breene." And Dorothy felt quite depressed because, after all, Charlie was the only friend she had, that she could always count on, no matter what she did to him.

Well, Mr. Abels told Dorothy that she could not make any real move until Lester had done something to her that was illegal

in the state of New York. For the only thing a New Yorker can do illegally to his wife is to admire some girl on the outside. And as Lester had long ceased to admire Dorothy, Mr. Abels told her to leave him alone, and it would only be a matter of time. Well Lester moved to a hotel, and all of Dorothy's girl friends spied on him, but he seemed to do nothing but lie in bed and read, for he never went back to work.

And Dorothy did not know that Mr. Abels was paying Lester quite a little money to keep his marriage vows sacred. And time went on, and went on, and still Lester did not show any signs of giving her evadents. For he only seemed to want to lie in bed with the Saturday Evening Post.

But finally Mr. Abels began to have his troubles. Because Lester began to wonder what good all that money was, when he was watched like a hawk, and was not allowed to entertain socially without a third party in the shape of a detecktive looking on. So he began to get nervous. And then he would have words with Mr. Abels and show his ingratitude, and threaten to tell. Well, Mr.

Abels knew it was not really ingratitude but only the state of Lester's nerves, so he finally got an idea. And he sent for a nerve doctor he knew of, to calm Lester down. And this nerve doctor gave Lester a diagnosis, and prescribed the cokain habit. And that calmed him down. And from that moment Lester really began to be quite a comfort to Mr. Abels. Because he developed into a regular homebody, and never seemed to want to go out of his room.

But one day Dorothy was coming out of the theatre after the matinay with Gloria, when they met a boy they knew called Claude, who used to be in the chorus, but who had practically ruined his whole career by a habit he developed of taking cokain. Well, Claude was always standing outside the stage entrants to ask the girls for the small loan of a dollar. And, when Dorothy saw him, she opened her pocket book as usual. But much to her surprise, Claude said he did not need it because he said he was getting all of the "stuff" that he wanted for nothing. And he was bubbeling over with news. For he said to Dorothy, "What

do you think? I met your husband on Sixth Avenue, and he's developed into a *user!"*

Well, Dorothy was dumbfoundered, for cokain is quite expensive, and if Lester was using it, Dorothy asked what was he using for money? So Claude said, "Dearie, he's scaley with it, and living in ease on the fat of the land!"

Well, Dorothy naturally decided that Lester must have gone to work in the cokain perfession, but Claude said, "Don't be small minded! He's to wealthy to work and he's *giving* it away!" Well, then Dorothy made a remark about Lester that I can't even write down, and then Claude spoke up and said, "He may have been that *before,* dearie but *now* he's *all charm!"* For it seems that Claude thought that Lester had become more artistic.

Well, after Claude went on his way, Gloria spoke up and told Dorothy that the cokain habit always seems to take away all a gentleman's interest in girls and that she would probably never get the evadents. And then Dorothy began to wonder. So then she and Gloria started in to put 2 and

2 together and came to a conclusion that Mr. Abels was back of everything and was not really Dorothy's friend at heart.

Well, Dorothy thought it would be quite a good idea to buy a revolver on Sixth Avenue and shoot him. But Gloria had an idea that was better. Because she had practically made up her mind to get Jefferson Breene to give her a trip to Paris for a vacation. So she invited Dorothy to go along, and get a Paris divorce, and enjoy her revenge by thinking of the idea that the Breene family money was footing the bills.

CHAPTER TWELVE

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Well, when Mr. Abels found out that Dorothy and Gloria were on a ship for Paris, he cabled Mrs. Breene.

So, when Mrs. Breene heard the news, she held a beautiful talk with Charlie in the Ritz bar, and told him that so long as Dorothy was settled down happily in New York with her own husband, why did he not try a trip around the world in the opasite direction? And some day, when he was in the wilds of some foreign nation, he would wake up, and the sun would be shining, and he would suddenly learn that he was all cured of his infatuation for Dorothy and send a cable to Muriel Devanant, who was a girl of his own station. And it would all work out for the best, just like it does in the Student Prince. So Charlie finally agreed to go around the world with a couriay, who was supposed to point out things for Charlie to

look at. But he really was nothing more or less than a detecktive in disguise. Well, then Charlie's Mother felt so full of confidents that she began to get economical, and cabled Mr. Abels to take Lester off the family payrole.

Well, Gloria and Dorothy arrived in Paris, and they went right to the Ritz to ask for Charlie. But they learned that he was on a trip around the world with no forwarding adress. Well, the only thing for them to do, was to hunt up a French lawyer themselves, to get Dorothy a divorce. So they found the adress of one who advertised that he spoke the English landguage on the wall of a lady's retiring room in a cute cabaret at Monte Martre.

Well, the first thing this lawyer told them, was that a Paris Judge would have to see Dorothy's husband personally before he could grant her a degree. So Gloria and Dorothy had to use their wits, to get Lester to Paris. And the best friend they had to assist them turned out to be Claude.

For it seems that Claude was the type that admires abuse, while Lester was the

type that knows how to supply it. And after Lester's salary from the Breene family seased, Claude invited Lester to move right into his room, and he really became more like a Mother. But Lester would only show Claude his contempt, and even throw brick-a-brack right and left, while Claude always tried to cover up the incidents that occurred.

So Gloria got in corespondents with Claude. And it seems that Lester was so angry at Mr. Abels for stopping his salary that he was delighted to come to Paris and agree to a divorce. So Gloria sent Claude the money for he and Lester to get over.

Well, the second thing the French lawyer told Dorothy to do, was to find an apartment to be her residents in a legal way. And he sent them to a French business partner friend of his who rented apartments.

Well, the apartment they found belonged to a famous French actress. And it was all furnished in the French period of decoration. I mean, wherever we Americans would have a chair, this French actress would have a couch. And wherever we would have a couch, she would have a large size double

bed. And one of them was made out of a genuine Venetian gondola with a special satin matress and an awning, and another belonged to Madame Pompadore with four high bed posts that had an insense burner on the top of every one and a mirror on the ceiling. And Dorothy said that that apartment might get by as a legal residents with a French court of law, but to her mind it was the most illegal looking residents she had ever entered into.

Well, Claude and Lester arrived in Paris and became sunk in the demi monde as soon as they could find out where it was located. And while the French lawyer was setting the Parisian wheels of Justice in motion, Gloria told Dorothy to relax, and look around her and get the benefit of her travels.

I mean, Gloria knows the world, for she goes abroad every year and spends all of her time in Paris. And Gloria even meets real French people. So she knows that the truth about them is, that they really have very, very high ideals. I mean, we Americans always get an opinion that the French love depravity, because they run such riskay

places for we Americans to go to in Paris. But the French never go there themselves, and they really only run riskay dives for money, and not for love.

And millions of we Americans go to Paris every year without meeting a single French person socially. For the French are very exclusive, and they never think of allowing one of we Americans in their own homes. And *real* French people never meet anybody except each other, and never go anywheres except to one anothers homes. So Gloria told Dorothy to try and meet them, and learn about the world. But Dorothy said, "What do they know about the world, if they never go anywheres or meet anybody?"

So Gloria became quite angry, and finally Dorothy promised to try and become more "mon dame" which means a woman of the world, and even learn some of the French language. So Dorothy says the first word she learned from the French was the word "Sal," which always goes before the mention of foreign names. For instants, "Sal Americaines," "Sal Anglaises," "Sal

Allemangs," "Sal Autruches," "Sal Italyens," etc.

And finally, one day, Dorothy had the oppertunity of meeting a genuine exclusive Frenchman. I mean, Dorothy started to walk from her apartment to the Crillon Hotel to meet Gloria for luncheon. And on the Champs Elysays this French gentleman, with a large beard, seemed to take a personal interest in her on the sidewalk. Well, Dorothy thought she must be mistaken, because Dorothy says anybody with that ammount of beard ought to be thinking about things he could really accomplish. For Dorothy had not learned that the French are very, very gallent, no matter how much of a beard they cultivate. Well, Dorothy paid him little of no attention, but that did not seem to discourage him, so Dorothy stopped and told him that if he spent a whole week in a barber chair, he would still be outside her jurisdiction. But he did not understand the English landguage, so he kept right on.

Well, Dorothy saw two French policemen

holding an arguement with each other on the street corner, so she went up and asked them to do something about it.

But the French gentleman had stepped into a small tin retiring room on the side of the curb stone. And Dorothy could not make them understand what she was getting at. But they were very polite and wanted to help one of we Americans in distress, so one of them took out his watch and showed her the time, and the other one pointed out the direction to the American Express. And then they went back to their arguement. Well, Dorothy could not do anything but go on, and sure enough, the French gentleman stepped out of his hiding place, brighter than ever, to follow.

Well, Dorothy stopped once again, and warned him what was going to happen, because she thought the expression she used on her face would give him a hint, even if he did not know the words. But he seemed to be the kind that *likes* a girl of Spirit, so he kept right on.

Well, when Dorothy finally reached the Crillon, she took a quick step into the en-

trants and decided she had escaped him at last. But as she was standing in the lobby looking for Gloria she began to have the sensation of a beard hovering over her shoulder. So she turned around and, sure enough, there he was. Well, Dorothy lost all her endurants and gave him a slap. And to say that he was out-raged would put it quite mildly. But finally all of his manhood came to his assistance, and he hit Dorothy in the jaw and knocked her down.

Well, Gloria came up and got Dorothy on her feet to the retiring room in humiliation. For Gloria was very, very ashamed to think that an American girl would slap a French gentleman. I mean, it is things like *that* that give we Americans the reputation among the French of not having any manners.

Well, after that, Dorothy says she decided to leave the French people to go around with each other, while she went around the American Bar with all the other homesick Americans. And of course the one of her choice was Eddie Goldmark of the Goldmark Film Corporation, who had

The French policemen were very polite and wanted to help one of we Americans in distress.

just lost all of his money. For it seems that he had had a great financial dissapointment in his Life and the state that Dorothy was in, made her an ideal listener.

For, it seems that Eddie Goldmark had arrived at Paris over six months before, full of all the enthusiasm of an American motion picture magnet who was going to open a genuine American Motion Picture Palace at Paris with ventalation. So he had looked over all of the theatres in Paris, and finally he slected a large Parisian theatre on the Grand Boulevard. And his enthusiasm was intense. So he met the Frenchmen who owned the theatre, and bought and paid for it and everything seemed very, very bright.

But then he began to learn what happens to one of we Americans who starts out to renovate Paris. Because, in the first place, the Frenchmen who sold it to him were not alone in their legal rights to that theatre.

I mean, every time a theatre at Paris changes hands, the Frenchman that owned it the last time always sees to it that he holds on to some legal rights or other, that will give him an opertunity to get into any

transaction that comes up, no matter when. And by the time a Parisian theatre has come down for centuries from the days of Napoleon, the number of Frenchmen who have managed to get their finger into it, one way or another, is really remarkable. So Frenchmen began to pour in on Mr. Goldmark from the four quarters of Paris, and everyone of them had some kind of a paper or other to sell that was legal. Well, Mr. Goldmark really began to lose some of his enthusiasm, because he had to pay Frenchman after Frenchman and they never seemed to run out.

But the time finally arrived at last when no more Frenchmen seemed to appear, so Mr. Goldmark made all of his plans to begin.

But that was when Mr. Goldmark learned that a Parisian theatre is Sacred, and you can not put in ventalation until you have gone up before a Govermental Committee of Architecks who want to know the reason why? Because, in the old historical days of Paris, Dorothy says that people who went to the theatre did not care what

they smelled. And the French love to keep up all of the old traditions.

So this Goverment Committee soon let Mr. Goldmark know that we Americans can not come over to France and do a thing like that to a historical spot like Paris. And things began to look very, very dark to Mr. Goldmark.

But finally an influential Frenchman got him off in a corner and told him that everything would be all right for 50,000 franks. Well, Mr. Goldmark's resistants had become quite low, so he gave in and paid the 50,000 franks, and heaved quite a sigh to think that his troubles were over at last.

But they were not really over, because that very afternoon the French Ministery fell, and took the influential Frenchman with Mr. Goldmark's 50,000 franks, right down with it. And by the next morning, Mr. Goldmark had to face a whole new set of French Goverment officials.

Well, by this time, Mr. Goldmark's determination to accomplish what he had set out to do, had become the strongest law of Nature. So he clentched his teeth and faced

every new French Goverment that came up all summer long. And he paid and paid without a murmer. But anybody who knows the histry of France, and remembers how the French Ministery went right on changing day in and day out, can get an inkling of what it was costing Mr. Goldmark in dollars and cents.

But time went on, and the day finally arrived when Mr. Goldmark had paid so many govermental Frenchmen that it had practically reached the saturation point. And no matter how obscure any new member of any new goverment seemed to be, he was sure to have been paid by Mr. Goldmark at one time or another.

So things were settled at last and one morning, bright and early, Mr. Goldmark started out to renovate his theatre, with enough different kinds of legal papers to stop the mouth of almost anybody.

Well, Mr. Goldmark reached the lobby, and found his workmen awaiting him. So he gathered together a bevy of French plumbers, and led them into the theatre. For the first place that Mr. Goldmark had

planned to attack, was the old historical French lavatoire.

Well, when they reached it, standing in the doorway, was an elderly French lavatoire attendent, with a determined look on her countenants, and a legal paper in her hand. And it did not take Mr. Goldmark long to discover that he was being invited, in French, to enter there over her dead body. So a

Standing in the doorway was an elderly French lavatoire attendant.

hurry call was sent out for lawyers, and interperators, and the whole story came out.

Well, it seems that this elderly lady was called Mademoiselle Dupont and 25 years ago she had been madly in love with a Frenchman. But as time went on, the day finally came when the Frenchman had to listen to his family, and marry his fiancay. And besides, Mlle. Dupont had started in to show signs of age, and there was no use denying that it was high time for her to choose a new "maytiay" (French word for career.) So, in order to feel that she would never be in want, the Frenchman had bought her a 25 years lease on that lavatoire, as a going away present. And Mlle. Dupont had only worked out 15 years of that 25, so she had ten years to go and she stood on her rights.

Well, Mr. Goldmark took out his check book and fountain pen, as usual, and asked how much she wanted. But Mlle. Dupont said, with pride, that *her* maytiay was not for sale. Well, Mr. Goldmark thought that she was only using business methods, so he offered her more. But she refused. So then

he offered her more, in franks, than all the tips she would receive for all of her natural life. But Mr. Goldmark had met his match at last. Because Mlle. Dupont not only *loved* her maytiay, but it was a matter of sentament, because it was all that she had to remember him by. So she refused to sell at any price.

And that was when Mr. Goldmark learned that there *are* French people at Paris who can not be bought and sold at every turn. And *they* are the real, genuine, honest French that we Americans are always hearing about, but practically never encounter. And we Americans meet millions of the other kind, and then we think that we have really met the French.

Well, when Mr. Goldmark heard the final verdick of Mlle. Dupont, his will power seemed to snap. For he thought it all over, and some way he could not bring himself to work up any enthusiasm in an American Motion Picture Palace with a prehistoric Parisian lavatoire. Because, in all of his dreams he had seen *two* of them, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen, with ven-

talation, and water that really runs, like it does in America. And he could not bring himself to see it any other way. So Mlle. Dupont turned out to be the straw that broke the camel's back, and Mr. Goldmark gave it all up, and threw everything over. And he was only waiting around Paris until all his publicity in America had blown over and his magnet friends in New York had forgotten his boasts about showing the French nation what an American Motion Picture Palace can really be.

And that was how Dorothy wasted her time and opertunities in Paris listening to Mr. Goldmark, and passing remarks about the French Republic, until a French Judge finally took a look at Lester and granted her a degree. So Dorothy sailed back home, free at last, to "God's Country."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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Well, Dorothy's husband finally became a drifter, and he and Claude drifted back to New York and began to follow the line of least resistants. And Dorothy says the least resistants they were able to find was in a nest of interior decorators on West 45th Street.

Well Lester spent all of his spare time trying to get an interview with Mr. Abels to find out why the Breene family had withdrawn their support, when he could tell so much that would be illegal evadents against them. Well Mr. Abels was much to promanent to waste his time with anyone like Lester, but Lester and his boy friends were talking so much against the Breene family in public places, that he finally made an appointment to let Lester come to his office and hear him out.

Well, Claude begged and begged to be allowed to accompany Lester, because after

all Mr. Abels was very, very full of power and Claude was an inveterant lion hunter at heart.

So, Lester gave in at last and let Claude go along. And when they went into Mr. Abel's polished suite of mahogany offices, Claude's manners were full of reverants. For Claude believed that using the gentle tacktics would get them farther in the long run. So, as soon as they were shown to a seat, Claude spoke up and said,

"Mr. Abels, we're thrilled to be here! Lester and I often sit at home in the long evenings and read one of your famous speeches just to improve our minds."

So then Lester spoke up in quite a harsh tone and said, "You poor sap, when did we ever sit at home and read *anything?*"

Well Claude was visibly upset, and said, "Now don't be low! What kind of swine is Mr. Abels going to think we are?"

Well, then they started to give and take, and it really developed into quite a little quarrel. But Mr. Abels soon got enough of that kind of conversation, so he spoke up and told Lester to "get down to brass tacks."

But then Claude spoke up again, and said, "Justice to all is what we are after."

So then Lester said, *"Will you shut up?"* For it turned out that what *Lester* was after was $10,000, or he would tell everything to the lower type of Pictorial news sheets.

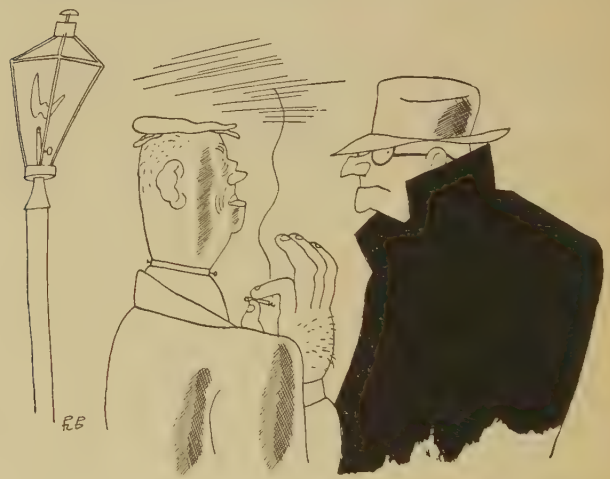
Well, Mr. Abels asked for time to consult his clients. And when he consulted the Breene family, they really went into a panick. For they had been representative Americans from the days of the Revolution, and nothing they had ever done, had ever leaked out before.

But Mr. Abels finally told them that he could keep the old Breene family name from being smirched, if they would just give him a blank card to do what he wished no matter how much it might cost them. I mean, provided they did not mind what happened to Dorothy's husband. Well, they were really at the end of their wits, so they finally told him to go ahead.

And then Mr. Abels sent for the ade of a silent business partner of his called Jerry who was the leader of the whole Brooklyn demi monde. I mean, this Jerry had a gang

of "gangsters" that pretended to be bootleggers to get by the law, but they really specialized in work of a more vialent nature, such as murder, for instants.

And about two nights later, Jerry picked up an acquaintance with Lester and Claude in a public place, and took them to attend a party on the top floor of quite a high apartment house in Brooklyn. Well, Jerry's gang was full of ex-ice men of the strong male type who had been driven from their



Then Mr. Abels sent for a silent business partner called Jerry.

lively hood by Frigid Air, and those ex-ice men could not seem to bear Claude, and they thought that Lester was so much better by comparison that they said they thought he ought to be the one allowed to live if there was any preferance. But Jerry said to them, "What the h——, who's giving this party?" Well, they had to admit that it was Jerry. So Jerry said, "Then we'll stick to our ettiquet, and bump off the right guy!" And before the evening was over Lester got quite a lot more obnoxious, so they were all more content with the arangements.

And about five o'clock in the morning when everybody was in the heighths of good spirits, Jerry went into a little alcove to look out the window. And then he called to Lester and said, "Come on in here, Pal, and look at the swell sunrise!" Well, Lester went into the alcove to look, but his foot must have slipped because he fell out the window. And the verdick was suicide.

Well, the funeral of Dorothy's husband was quite a novelty in the way of a funeral. For Claude borrowed the beautiful apart-

ment of their modern Art interior decorater friend to hold it in. And it seems that Claude had his own Philosaphy, which was really more New Thought than anything, and it was really very, very beautiful.

Well, the funeral was a stag affair and Claude gathered together quite a few acquaintances and a bevy of chorus boys for the vocal numbers. And Claude had searched high and low for a very, very beautiful vase of the Grecian period, to put the ashes in, with Greek silouettes of dancers doing an anteek dance in the nude all around it. And, it seems that they were going to put the ashes in it with a beautiful ceremony Claude had thought up, that would be full of rithims.

But first of all, Claude held a beautiful talk and said that, in his Philosaphy, "It" was nothing but a beautiful journey. And Claude said he knew that Lester would want them to look at it in that way, and they must hold everything just as "he" would wish it.

So they did not break down, but they all bore up, and then Claude brought out a bottle of very very rare old wine, and said that

they were all to drink, in the spirit of Sacrafice.

Well, they all drank it, and then they were all to sing, not the kind of hyms that are uncheerful, but "It's a long, long lane," which was one of "his" favorites.

Well, they all sang in harmony and then they were all to drink one more glass of Sacrafishal wine. But there was not enough Sacrafishal wine to go around, so they put it in a bowl and added some gin they had. And they all had another drink, in the spirit of Sacrafice.

Well, then Claude started to give them another talk about his Philosaphy. But while he was giving it, an Art dancer called Osmer came in with a bottle of absente, so they decided to put that in the bowl and try it. And after they tried it, Claude wanted to go on with his talk. But by this time some of the other guests seemed to get the feeling that Claude was flaunting his Philosaphy as if he was the only guest at the whole funeral who had any. And it made them quite annoyed, so they all started in to tell *their* Philosaphy. But it turned out to be quite

confusing, because some of them were New Thought, and some were Occultism, while others were Oom, the Omnipotent. And they did not seem to be getting anywheres.

Well, Claude finally dissapeared for a moment, and when he came back he was dressed in the robes of a beautiful old anteek Grecian dancer with bare feet and a band around his head, to preceed with the cere-

Some of the other guests seemed to get the feeling that Claude was flaunting his philosophy.

mony of putting the ashes in the beautiful vase, that was worthy of such a contents. So he tried to call everybody to order, but by that time they had all gotten interested in other things, and finally Claude became quite ironical and said, "If you boys don't objeckt, we'll go on with the obsequies."

Well, it seems that they were still annoyed with Claude for trying to flaunt himself, and finally one of the guests who had already shown signs of becoming obnoxious, took a large drink, for courage, and spoke up and said, "You make me sick!"

Well, there was quite a lull at such a lack of reverants. But finally Claude found his tongue and spoke up, and said, "What do you mean—I make you sick?"

Well, then this guest took another large drink, and started in to tell what he *really* thought about the deseased, in no plain terms. Well, everybody was dumbfoundered, except Osmer. Because it seems that Osmer had been looking for just such an opening all evening. So he went over to the oppasition, and said, "You are right. He was a low thing to be despised by all!"

Well, it was quite a few moments before Claude could believe his own ears. But when he finally found his tongue, he spoke up and said, "I resent this!" So then quite a few resented it, and it really began to look like trouble.

Well, then the instigater of the whole thing spoke up, in quite a pointed way, and asked, "How about that time he hit you with a hair brush?"

So then Claude spoke up and said, "It was *not* a hair brush. It was a mirror, and it broke, worse luck!"

"And now," spoke up the instigater, "you have got to have seven years of misfortune!"

Well, Claude really had to admit that it was no gesture to make with a mirror, at a person who was superstitious in the first place.

And then Osmer broke in, and said, "Yes, and how about the time you had to lock him out, to keep from bodily harm? And he stuffed straw under the door and lit it?"

Well, at that, one of the others spoke up, and added fuel and said, "Yes, and the time

he stood in Child's restaurant and called you vile names for all the world to hear?"

Well, Claude finally had to admit the contention, and one unpleasant reminisents led to another until they were all thoroughly fed up with the subjeck and they did not even want any mimentos around the apartment that would remind them of any such a person. So they started in to hunt for mimentos. But while they were skurrying here, there and everywhere, Claude stubbed his bare toe on the can full of ashes. Well, that was really the last straw, for Claude's nerves had reached the snapping point. So he screamed "A wenche's curse on such as he!" and he grabbed the can full of ashes and threw them down the sink, and the funeral disperced.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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Well, Charlie Breene's trip around the world turned out to be quite an education, because that was where he akwired all the knowledge he has learned about saki and mescal and vodka and ougapay. But finally the drinks of all the nations began to tell on him in a hospital at Shang High. But even in the midst of delerium treaments at China, where other patients would be seeing peculiar animals, Charlie always seemed to be seeing Dorothy. And the couriay had only bad news to cable Charlie's mother.

But finally Charlie and his couriay arrived at San Francisco at last, and Mrs. Breene went out to California to meet them, hoping against hope that Charlie was cured. I mean, she did not mind the delirium treaments so much, but what she really meant was Dorothy. Because after all, she was a Mother, with a Mother's love, and if her

only son married the girl of his choice, he might get left out of the Social Register.

Well, when Mrs. Breene heard the truth from the couriay, she reached the depths of despondency, for Dorothy was back in New York, and free to marry anyone. So that night, she sat up late in her suite at the St. Francis Hotel, and got Mr. Abels in New York on the telephone, and told him to do something defanate to Dorothy before Charlie arrived at New York.

Well, Mr. Abels called in another one of his silent legal assistants who was more versed in the rougher kind of law, and put the case into his hands. So this assistant thought that the best thing to do, would be to have someone put some kind of illegal dope in Dorothy's handbag, and have the police arrest Dorothy for being in its possession. And that would prove to Charlie Breene what kind of a girl he had picked out to be the Mother of his children. So an assistent ladý detecktive put it in Dorothy's hand bag in the ladies room at the Club Dover, and it all worked out just as they had planned.

Well, the police took Dorothy to the sta-

tion, where she had to mingle with common girls of the sidewalks, and the girl next to Dorothy was *colored*. Well, her name was Lulu, and she seemed to want to be quite friendly, so she said to Dorothy, "Hello Honey." So Dorothy said "Hello," and then Lulu said, "What they git you for?"

Well, Dorothy was trying to fight back the tears, but she wanted to be polite. And she did not like to tell Lulu that she was innocent, because Lulu looked quite guilty, so Dorothy said, "Same thing as you, I guess." So Lulu spoke up and said, "Then I speck they pick you up for s'liciting." So then Lulu became quite thoughtful. And after she had thought quite a while, she said to Dorothy, "What they tryin' to do? *Stop that thing?"* I mean, Lulu seemed to think that the police had undertaken quite a large job.

Well, I have always said, in play, that some day Dorothy would end up in a jail, but when she finally did, I could hardly believe my ears. I mean, it is really quite a shock for a society matron who is a Mother, to be paged at 4 o'clock in the morning at

the Club Lido and told that her best friend is in the station. So Henry and I went right over to see her. But by the time we arrived, theer was hardly a policeman in the whole station whose heart was in his work. Because Dorothy is the kind of a girl who is always popular with the police, and every other criminal in the whole station was being grossly neglected for Dorothy.

Well, they brought Dorothy into a small private office for us to see. And the tears were streaming down her face, but at the same time she was trying to be brave, with the smiles coming through in a way that was practically irresistable to the authorities. And I will never, never forget how Dorothy looked up at me through her tears and said, "Well, Lorelei, I suppose we couldn't expect to keep out of here forever."

Well, the first thing Henry did was to send for Mr. Dudley Field Malone, who is one of the most famous lawyers on the side of the opressed. So he came down to the station and when he heard Dorothy's troubles, his blood boiled over. For he loves nothing better than prosecuting the wealthy

kind of people who think that they can make up their own laws as they go along. And after he got through putting 2 and 2 together, he figured out that the Breene family had done enough to Dorothy to put them all in jail for 190 years without clemency.

So Mr. Malone went to the Breene family, and when he got through with them, they not only released Dorothy from jail, but they

When he heard Dorothy's troubles his blood boiled over.

settled a sum of $500 a month damages on her for the rest of her natural life.

Well, the very next day, Charlie arrived home from his travels. And the meeting that took place between Charlie Breene and Dorothy was one of the most pathetic things that has ever occurred in the Colony restaurant. For while Henry and Dorothy and I were sitting there, eating delicious soup, we happened to look up and there was Charlie Breene. And it was really quite a shock to see what foreign travel and Oriental drinks, far from the girl of his choice had done to his personal appearance.

Well, he came over to the table shaking quite a lot. And he was so upset at seeing Dorothy at last, that he practically broke down. And it always makes me feel so sentamental to watch a gentleman break down, that I almost believe my eyes became moist. But all Dorothy said was,

"Hello Charlie, you look awful!" For Dorothy has never learned how to be complimentary.

Well, Charlie sat down and we all had dinner, and when he heard the case that his

All Dorothy did was to say, "Hello, Charlie, you look awful." For Dorothy has never learned how to be complimentary.

family had trumpted up against Dorothy, he became quite an ungrateful son. For the very next day he called the whole Breene family together and told them quite a few plain Truths and got himself disinherited.

Well, then Charlie had to go to Dorothy and tell her that he did not have a penny in the world. And for the first time in Charlie's whole career, he began to intreege her interest.

So I had quite a little talk with Charlie, and told him to go even further and ask Dorothy to lend him some money. So he borrowed five hundred dollars from Dorothy to get a new start in Life, selling automobiles, and Dorothy began to sit up, and take notice.

Well, it turned out that going to work seemed to make Charlie decide to stop drinking. And when he stopped drinking, he stopped feeling so humbel, because *then* he did not have anything to apolagize for. And, on the contrary, he started in to become quite a bore, telling everybody else about the vileness of the bad habit of drinking in comparison with he, himself, who

never touched it. And when Charlie began to give himself recommendations, he really gave Dorothy quite a little thrill.

But what really capped the climax was, that instead of always saying something complimentary to Dorothy, like, "Oh, you wonderful girl!" for instants, Charlie took to looking Dorothy over in his sober senses, and seeing her as she really was, and making remarks like, "Go wash your face! You've got on to much make-up!" And Dorothy fell in love.

Well, I told Dorothy that, under the circumstances, the ceremony ought to be in some Justice of the Peace's back office where the absents of the bridegroom's family could be overlooked by gossip. But, strange to say, Dorothy began to get very, very refined and full of ettiquet and wanted to have a large size social ceremony in a church. And it finally came out that she had wired for her Father to come clear from Modesto and give her away for the event. Well, I told Dorothy that she was taking a very great risk to have a Father give away a bride whose only public training in ettiquet had been jumping

off of roofs at street fairs. And I began to become quite worried. But nothing could stop Dorothy and she went right on, and ordered steel engraved invitations from Cartiers and sent them out to not only everybody in the Social Register, but to all of her personal girl friends in the Follies besides.

Well, all of Dorothy's friends excepted, and so did all of the younger society set of the Social Register, but the older set all refused. I mean with one exception, and that was old lady Vandervent who always looks on the bright side. And she had not learned what kind of a girl Charlie was marrying, because she only reads the Christian Science Moniter and does not know all the evil that is going on in the world.

Well, the day before the ceremony Dorothy and I went down to the Grand Central Station to meet Dorothy's Father. And he got off of the train with four valises that it took two "red caps" apiece to even lift off the side walk, on account of the heavy pacific gravity of the liquor that was practically all they contained. And it seems he had made

it with his own hands, and the reason he brought it to New York was not so much that he cared whose liquor he drank, as it was personal pride in his own acheevement. But I told Dorothy that that was the kind of an acheevement that adds very little to a large religious ceremony in a church.

But the way it turned out, sending for Mr. Shaw was really quite a happy thought. Because he had had quite a lot of experience handing girls down off of platforms. So when he gave Dorothy away, he did it with the most graceful gesture that I have ever seen inside of a church.

Well, after the ceremony, came the wedding reception at my salon. And I really must pay quite a few compliments to the way *a few* of us behaved. I mean, all of the girls from the Follies were overcome by the sanktity of the occasion. And even Mr. Shaw, who drank quite a lot, only became more and more gallent. But I cannot say so much for the Society set. I mean I tried quite hard to lead them a good example, by refusing champagne. But they started in to drink so heavily that finally Mrs. Vander-

vent came to me and said that she could not remain any longer without seeming to give them her personal sanction. But she apologized very much for the way her social born friends were acting, and she said that it was girls like Dorothy and I, who could be impressed by such an occasion, that would have to carry on the Fabric of Society. And then she said that she wanted nobody but that delightful Mr. Shaw to be her escort home.

Well, I told Dorothy to give her father some kind of a warning against all of his gallentry, so Dorothy got him off in one corner and said, "Pop, if you make a pass at old lady Vandervent on the way home, you take the first train out of New York society in the morning."

But the next day, Mrs. Vandervent's footman told my chauffeur and he told my maid that Dorothy's Father did "make a pass" at Mrs. Vandervent in the cabriolay, but she enjoyed it.

So, everything turned out for the best, after all, and the last I saw of Dorothy, Charlie was ordering her around on the train to Atlantic City in his sober state, and

Dorothy was more refined than I have ever seen her before, with even a trace of dignity.

And it has turned out that old lady Vandervent and I have become almost inseprable, because we have practically the same ideals about everything. So I really believe that I shall be the next one to get into the Social Register, because the way they are having to put Society people out of it, somebody or other has got to take their place, and it will probably be me. And when I get in, I am going to try to get Dorothy in to, because we have been in almost everything else together. And if I *do* manage to get Dorothy into the Social Register, I shall really have to begin to believe that the world is quite a good place to live in, even in the case of a girl like Dorothy.

THE END